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A PLAINT.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

That thou art in a land more fair,
A distant home more sweet,
Needs not that I should mourn for thee
At rest, with wearied feet.
For here upon the sands of life
The waves of sorrow beat.

I only know that thou wert here,
And that thou art no more.
A star has vanished from its sphere,
A brightness from life's shore:
And yet thou art not dead, my dear,
But only gone before.

I know this world was bright to thee,
And that thy life was fair,
And that the sunshine clustered in
The sunshine of thy hair.
Thy beauty was a joy on earth.
Thou art more beauteous there.

Thy memory grows vague and dim,
I know that thou hadst breath;
I think of thee, and try to solve
The mystery of death.
"We do not die, though stars go down,"
Is what the poet saith.

And therefore, dear, thou art not dead;
I think with what surprise,
When the enshrouding veil was rent,
You opened your glad eyes,
So clouded by the mists of earth,
Upon His cloudless skies.

And thinking thus, my weary heart
Grows tender, yet more strong;
I patient wait, and waiting know
The time cannot be long;
For over all the songs below
I hear the angel's song.

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Tell the truth and shame the Devil.
SHAKESPEARE.

Chudleigh's beating went far towards winning him the election, for the higher-class Liberals, led by the ladies, declared that a man who possessed so much bravery and could talk so loyally couldn't do much harm in the House, though a Tory, and gave him their votes, while the respectable workingmen, unfortunately only few in number, who had been present and witnessed the melee, deserted the roughs and declared on his side. Chudleigh, although badly bruised and cut about the face, was not hurt enough to keep within doors, and the next morning, rising at the usual hour, walked towards his headquarters. At the end of the lane leading to the Cottage he came full upon Carlotta Lawley, who was just starting for her ante-breakfast walk. She started and turned pale as she looked up and saw his scarred face, and, stretching out her hand, breathed rather faintly:

"Mr. Chudleigh!"

"Are you well, Miss Lawley?" he replied, in a grave voice, which he managed to keep steady, although his heart beat madly.

"Yes, quite, thank you. But you—have they hurt you much?"

His heart beat still faster at the anxious tremor in her voice, but he replied, with a careless smile:

"Oh, very little. Their hands are not particularly soft, but they had not time to get at us thoroughly."

"Had not time?" she repeated, her dark eyes fixed upon his face with the hunger and the compassion of love.

"No," he said. "Have you not heard? We should have been dead men for a certainty had it not been for Mr. Durant. He came to the rescue at the right moment, and beat a way out for us with his gun like a Samson. He saved our lives without doubt," he added warmly.

"He is a remarkable man," she murmured, her face grown pale and her bosom heaving at the idea of the terrible danger.

"He is more than that; he is a hero," said Chudleigh earnestly.

Then there fell a moment's silence, both standing and looking at the dusty road. Presently Chudleigh said:

"I have to thank you for a score of votes, not to speak of a larger number that cannot be plainly traced to you."

"You are quite welcome," she said, regaining her composure, but not venturing to look up. "I hope you will ——"

"Why?" he said so sharply that the blood rushed to her face. It was pale again when she answered in a calm, earnest voice that had something of entreaty in it:

"Because a member of parliament finds plenty to do, and hard work and something to think of are—good for you."

"I understand," he replied, catching at her meaning.

"Good-morning," she said, holding out her hand again with a smile that ill masked the pain at her heart. "I shall hear you speak on the hustings directly."

He uncovered, took her hand, and the next moment she had gone. He stood for a few seconds looking after her, then muttering: "If she were mine! if she were mine!" strode on towards the hustings. Amidst the confusion and clamor, the yelling and shouting, the ballad-singing and speechifying, the egg-throwing and cheering, the flaunting of blue, crimson and yellow ribbons, and such a pandemonium of sounds as only an election can produce, Chudleigh Chichester was proclaimed at the head of the poll and duly elected member for the borough. His speech had been a great and winning success. Mr. Gregson's rampant Liberalism and Mr. Gideon Giles' florid invective had fallen to dust and ashes beneath Chudleigh's outspoken determination to uphold the British throne and constitution, and when as a climax he declared that he meant to be the workingman's friend by voting for the reduction of taxes and the labor time, he was answered from the dense throng by a roaring cheer that made Mr. Jones rub his hands and whisper to Sir Fielding:

"They go at least a score of votes."

Yes, Chudleigh Chichester was a member of parliament, had defeated gloriously two powerful opponents, won renown by an act of bravery, and gladdened his father's pride; yet as he stood up in the carriage which a hundred brawny men wheeled along, bowing with uncovered head, the victor of the day, his heart was heavy as it repeated the wistful cry of the morning:

"If she were only mine! if she were mine!"

Chudleigh's election necessitated his residence in town; accordingly a week after he had been returned Sir Fielding gave a grand political dinner, a complete gathering of the Tories, who feasted, drank, and toasted to the honor of Chudleigh, and made the Hall ring again with their well-bred cheers. In the midst of the confusion of triumph and victory Maud reigned like a gentle queen, delighted at her brother's success, yet regretting the loss of the Gregsons' acquaintance, for Sir Fielding had repeated his command that she would not hold any intercourse with them, and consequently she was compelled to pass them in her walks or drives as if she had never known them. The parting between the brother and sister was characteristic.

"Chud., dear Chud., you will come down to Grassmere often—as often as you possibly can," she murmured; "it will seem so lonely without you."

"Yes, Maudie, rely upon that," he replied, kissing her fair forehead. "It is not all play, and I shall be glad of a rest. Take care of Sir Fielding; and, Maud, have you seen Carlotta lately?"

"No," said Maud, looking up into his face. "No. She never comes to the Hall, you know, Chud. Did you not see her when you were at Aunt Mildred's yesterday?"

Chudleigh shook his head.

"Chud.?" she said anxiously.

"Well?" he said, avoiding her eyes.

"Oh, Chud., tell me," she said sorrowfully, "you will forget her."

His face darkened.

"You don't know what love is, Maudie," he said darkly.

"Do I not?" she murmured as her face grew pale and her eyes lit up.

But he did not hear her, and with another kiss leapt into the dogcart. On the road to the station he passed the stalwart figure of Maurice Durant leaning against the old gate, dressed as usual in his rough shooting clothes, and carrying the gun with which he had saved Chudleigh's life. Chudleigh told the groom to pull up, and, jumping down, ran back.

"I am going to town," he said, "and am delighted to have an opportunity of telling you how grateful I feel for your heroic rescue. It is the second time you have saved me and mine," he said significantly. "First my heritage and then my life."

Maurice Durant grasped his hand with a stern, sad smile.

"You make too much of very light matters, Mr. Chichester," he said. "I am anxious to forget them if you will allow me. So you are going up to London to play the great game of politics. I fear me you will not find it worth the candle."

Chudleigh smiled rather sadly.

"Is any game worth the candle?" he said.

"None!" replied Maurice Durant sternly. "If there be I have never found it, and there are few games, Mr. Chichester, this hand has not played," and he held out his long, sinewy hand with a gesture of disdain. "But life is a lesson. You are but in the alphabet of the language of experience. Learn more and agree with me."

"Good-bye," said Chudleigh, with a tone of respect he could not help.

"And good speed," said Maurice Durant, shaking his hand with a flash of his rare, gentle smile, and he had turned even before Chudleigh, and was lost in the wood.

Once more the dogcart was doomed to halt upon its way, this time stopped by the soft glimmer of a muslin dress that shone through the railings of the Cottage garden gate. Chudleigh at first determined to raise his hat and go on his way, but a man's heart is stronger than his pique, and he found himself standing beside the gate almost before he knew it.

"London!" repeated Carlotta as her hand lay in his for a moment. "I did not think you were going so soon."

"I go by the next train," he said, "and have only two minutes to spare."

"Do not let me keep you," she said, with a tremor in her voice.

His lips, still marked with the election affray, bent down to her ear.

"Carlotta, will you not say one kind word, even if it be the last?"

"I wish you every happiness," she faltered, grasping the gate with trembling hands.

He shook his head.

"Something less vain," he said bitterly. "Rather wish me forgetfulness."

"I do," she said, still more faintly, raising her eyes to his face.

"And I do not," he said sternly.

And so they parted, never to meet as Carlotta Lawley and Chudleigh Chichester again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.—SHAKESPEARE.

Lord Crownbrilliants with a lover's proverbial haste had no sooner succeeded in purchasing the Retreat than he wanted it to be married. Carlotta at first positively refused to bestow herself upon him before the end of the year, but, backed up by Lady Mildred, his lordship eventually worried his beautiful betrothed into becoming Lady Crownbrilliants before the end of the Summer.

So one fine morning early in August the little church at Grassmere was crammed with a fashionable company, and Lord Crownbrilliants, exquisitely adorned in blue broadcloth and fawn doeskin, led Carlotta Lawley, daughter of the Captain Lawley of doubtful antecedents, to the altar. The happy bridegroom had wished to make a grand affair of the ceremony, but Carlotta had stipulated that if she gave way as regarded time he must bend to her wish in the matter of privacy, so the marriage was celebrated in the quietest manner possible to Lord Crownbrilliants' rank and position, and the happy pair started for the Continent cheered by a very select but small number of guests.

Pale and unnaturally calm, Carlotta had gone through the ceremony with astonishing self-possession—rather shocking the half-dozen young peeresses who acted as bridesmaids, they evidently considering sobs and tears a legitimate part of the bride's role. But Carlotta did not cry, neither did she smile, carrying her magnificent head with a stately coldness that silenced all remarks concerning her past life and want of rank, and setting everybody thinking how well she would bear the title that in a few minutes would be her due. Some noticed that her eyes, though proud and almost defiant, were rather dim; and one young lady very acutely remarked that the Countess had had "her cry" over night, little guessing of the fearful agony which had rent the beautiful bride's soul, and had ended in a heart-relieving torrent of tears the night before the irrevocable step was taken.

Sir Fielding and Maud were there of course—the latter had refused with all gentleness, but great firmness, to act as bridesmaid—and Chudleigh Chichester had been asked, but in a polite note he had pleaded parliamentary business as an excuse. As no one could possibly penetrate the double door of his chambers, it cannot be known if he, like the bride, gave way to his pain; but his friends, and he had many already, accused him of asceticism the following morning, and twitted him with his lack of spirits.

Carlotta had half dreaded he might, prompted by some indefinable jealousy, have been present at the sacrifice, and she was more than thankful when his note of refusal arrived; for, strong as she was in mind and body, she could not have answered for her strength if his eyes had been fixed on her while she forswore and perjured herself before that most awful and just of all judges.

One other witness there had been besides the throng of invited guests, and that an unseen one. Maurice Durant had passed the open church door in the middle of the service, and with darkened brow and moody eyes had paused, leaning on his gun, for one minute to take a glance at the bright-colored group, and listen to the solemn adjurations of the bishop who had come down to marry his friend Lord Crownbrilliants. Italy her ladyship had chosen as the place for the honeymoon to shine on, and accordingly a special steamer had been chartered to convey them thither.

After Carlotta's marriage Lady Mildred had closed the Cottage and taken refuge in the Hall. This for two reasons. The first because she really loved the fatherless girl and missed her companionship; and the second because Sir Fielding had suddenly come to the conclusion that his gentle Maud needed some loving woman friend beside her. For Maud grew pale and thin, lost much of her old light-hearted sprightliness, and acquired a dreamy expression on her beautiful face and in her lovely eyes, and was too fond of solitude for so young a girl.

Sir Fielding began to think that she missed Chudleigh, whom she loved with a love that even sisters seldom feel for their brothers; and a sister's love, even at its ordinary standard, is a great and wonderful thing.

"We will go up to town, to dear old Chud., Maudie," Sir Fielding had said, drawing her towards him one day as she came to him in the library. "You are looking pale and poorly; do you miss him much, my darling?"

For a moment a bright flush belied his words; but the next instant her face was pale again as she answered:

"I miss Chud., of course, papa, but not enough to make me unwell. I am not ill, really—not ill at all—only weak and —— oh! a mere nothing, dear, dear papa."

"How long have you felt weak and low-spirited, my darling?" Sir Fielding had asked, and Maud had colored afresh, lowering her lovely, wistful eyes and flinging her arms round his neck.

"I—I—don't know," she whispered.

But she did, for her thoughts even as she spoke went back to the night when, in search of her diamond cross, she had seen the kingly form of Maurice Durant stretched lifeless among the tall, bedewed grass, and been held in his strong, gentle arms. Ah! that night! its memory thrilled through her pure, innocent heart; she could feel even now the kindly, pitying pressure of the strong, tender hands, hear now the subtle music of the grand, heroic voice.

"Well, well, my darling, Aunt Mildred shall come and stay with us a little while; for I also am getting moped, and miss dear Chud.; and then, if neither of us improve, we will go to London and try a little impure air and Chud."

So Lady Mildred came to stay at the Hall, and Maud was under strict, loving watch—a surveillance that, however tender, brought some sorrow, for she knew that she never more could, even by chance, meet the being who filled her heart and was gradually absorbing her whole existence.

The Summer passed, and found neither Maud's color improved, nor Sir Fielding's spirits lightened, and the anxious father decided to pass the Winter in town.

"Chudleigh will be down for a few weeks directly," he said to Lady Mildred; "we will wait till he is obliged to go back, and then return with him. Of course you will come and look after Maud."

"I think a season in town—especially the Winter—will do her good," said Lady Mildred. "I believe she wants a little change and a little gayety. A few balls and one or two plays will do more good than all the physic in the world."

"By the way," continued her ladyship, who delivered this opinion on her return from a walk, "have you heard that the Gregsons intend selling the Folly?"

"No!" exclaimed Sir Fielding, looking up from his book. "Can it be true?"

"Oh, quite," said Lady Mildred. "I got it from young Parsons, the solicitor. He has instructions for the sale."

"I am not surprised at it," said Sir Fielding.

"Nor I," said Lady Mildred. "Although I am rather sorry. It was a great pity they could not keep their place. They were getting on so nicely too! That election mared them, for of course no one would recognize them after you had relinquished their acquaintance."

"What could I do?" said Sir Fielding, really regretting the affair. "Could I be hail-fellow-well-met with a man who plastered his bills over those of my son? Besides ——," getting warm at the recollection, "it was a piece of impertinence."

"Well, well," said Lady Mildred soothingly. "It was very unwise to visit them at all. It was Lord Crownbrilliants' doings. At any rate, the two girls have made hits. The eldest is engaged to the Marquis Lantry, I hear."

"Can it be possible?—dear me, dear me!" said Sir Fielding. "I remember him, and—ahem!"

"Yes, he is a very naughty man, a very bad man indeed," said Lady Mildred, with a sigh; "but what's to be done? Men will be men."

"Yes, but there's no necessity for them to become blackguards," muttered Sir Fielding meekly.

"Well, well," said Lady Mildred, a favorite ejaculation when her argument lost ground. "Miss Lavinia is engaged to him, and Bella very nearly to that boy-lord——dear me, what's his name?"

"I don't remember," said Sir Fielding, taking up his book, and Lady Mildred, accepting the hint, resigned the subject.

Lady Mildred's news was perfectly correct in every item. The Gregsons were compelled to retreat; with the election they lost all the titled acquaintances Lord Crownbrilliants and Sir Fielding's influence had procured them. Mr. Gregson discovered that his design in building the enormous Folly, living in the style of a sovereign and giving princely entertainments, had fallen through from excess of ambition, and therefore, wounded in temper and maddened by the ridiculous insolence of the aristocrats, as he termed it, he determined to leave Grassmere, sell The Folly, and remove his pomposity and new-gotten wealth to pastures new.

It was some consolation to the girls that they had been so far successful in the snaring of two titled admirers; but to Tom the quittal of Grassmere was a severe blow, for he was still madly in love with Maud—though hopelessly he felt assured—and knew he could never be happy anywhere else.

"I'm not sure that I shall leave Grassmere," he said when his despotic parent's determination was communicated to him. "I shall go and live at the inn—or take a small house somewhere in the neighborhood."

"Oh, you will, will you?" roared his father. "Then you'll pay your own bills and rent, sir, let me tell you."

Which of course settled the matter, and Tom was obliged to decamp with the family, who left The Folly as they had arrived, in the full pomp of plated carriages and gaudy liveries, "retiring," as Lady Mildred remarked, "like the sun in a sea of crimson and gold."

So the Autumn came, finding things very quiet at Grassmere, the Chichesters going on in their quiet way, the rector, a desolate, solitary one—for, save a glimpse of his stalwart figure in the woods, the dashing of his dog after a rabbit, or the report of his deadly gun in the copse, none, with the exception of the deaf-and-dumb housekeeper, had any communication with him; and then my Lord and Lady Crownbrilliants returned to England and to the Retreat, which had been in course of the most elaborate preparation for their reception.

Two days after their arrival Mr. Chudleigh Chichester alighted at the Annsleigh Railway-station, on his birthday visit to the Hall, and the first thing that met his eye as he stepped into the road was Lord Crownbrilliants' carriage, from which his lordship rushed out to seize him by the hand, looking more exquisite than ever—his hair parted down the middle and lying flat upon his narrow forehead, and the inevitable eye-glass stuck in his right eye.

"Ah, Mr. Chichester, I'm delighted! Bai Jove, how stwange! how vewy wum I should wun against you the v-v-vewy minute you awive. Going to the Hall? Sir F-F-Fielding quite well—saw him this morning—so's Miss Chichester. Wum thing, telling you how your own f-f-father and sister are! he! he! And how's P-P-Parliament getting on?—I h-hate politics. S-S-Stoopid things, I think—so vewy widiculous. I n-n-never go into the H-House unless I can't help it."

Chudleigh smiled and thought his lordship's absence no very great loss to the House of Lords, but instead of saying so asked after Lady Crownbrilliants.

"C-Carlotta" (how the other man winced as he heard the loved name lisped by the only person who had any right to use it)—"C-Carlotta is vewy well, j-j-jolly. You must come and see us diwectly you can. Come to-mow-wow and s-stay."

Little did he think, as Chudleigh murmured the few conventional words of acceptation, that with his own hands he was dragging down the thunder-cloud that hung over his head.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

True love can never die, and though it sleep
'Twill wake again.

Maud's face regained a little of its color at sight of her brother, and Sir Fielding something of his light spirits. They both noticed that Chudleigh looked unwell—pale and worn; but he explained the haggardness by assuring them that it was the result of his parliament ary toils, and so they, not suspecting the terrible rent in his heart, thought him a hero, and begged him to prolong his holiday beyond the limits originally arranged. But this could not be, Chudleigh said, for he was feeling ambitious—the success of his maiden speech in the house had made him that—and he was anxious to do all he could to aid his party, then in a critical position.

The dinner was a most enjoyable one in the old, oak banquet-room, Chudleigh having most of the talking, and the rest only too delighted to listen; and when they parted for the night there was enough of serene happiness on Chudleigh's face to warrant Maud comforting herself with the assurance that he, at least, had forgotten his ill-starred love. It never occurred to her to think that the flush of serenity might be occasioned by his nearness to Carlotta and to the joy of his country, and longing vaguely for the delight of town life, at once decided to take flight too, so that by the middle of October both families were in town—Lord Crownbrilliants in Park lane, and Sir Fielding Chichester in Grosvenor square, within easy walking distance of each other.

CHATER XXIX.

Too fierce a joy doth strike as hard as grief.

Towards the end of November, and one night when the beat hard across the moor and wind howled dismally through the bare, shivering trees, the master of the Rectory sat in his antique, darksome chamber, gazing at the red, expiring fire. Seated on one of the old high-backed carved-oak chairs, black with age, yet strong as wrought-iron, his grand head threw a grotesque shadow upon the dark wainscot, flitting to and fro in the fitful glare of the wax candles like some spectral copy of one of Angelo's noble figures. On the table, by his hand, stood a flagon of wine, though the slender Venetian glass showed that as yet it had been untouched. At his feet the huge mastiff lay stretched at full length, like a lioness at rest. By the side of the chair leant his faithful gun, and on a chair beside the table his cap and a dead hare. From the heavy lines upon his forehead one might guess that sad thoughts occupied his mind; for some time his eyes were fixed upon the waning fire, his lips compressed as if in pain, and the sighs of wind, wild and more savage than its fellows, burst against the diamond-paned window. He turned his head with a weary sigh, and, stooping, flung a heavy log of wood among the red embers.

"A wild night," he muttered to himself. "Just such another night as the one when I returned to this desolate home of mine. Just such another when I blighted my life by carrying her off. How the time flies! Eight years! They only seem eight months sometimes, eight centuries others. I wonder where she is now—in some Roumanian city, perhaps, the toast of some crowned idiot snared by her deceitful eye and evil voice.

"Felise! The name has a bad ring in it; it savors of the tiger. Felise, Faustine! Both names of shame—both hers. Bah! What brings me in this mood to-night? Is't the wind or the want of wine?" and he stretched out his hand to reach the flagon.

"Wine! How marvelous that I should not have gone the way of many others, and drowned my shame and my broken heart in the fumes of the grape-juice. There was a time when even that seemed a bright hope, a haven of forgetfulness, in the midst of my agony. But no; Maurice Durant was a Durant still, and deemed it better to grin and bear than drink and die. Besides, had I not one great consolation, a mother whose bosom received my aching head, whose joys consoled my breaking heart? Art! thou only mother I have ever known, I drink with the deepest reverence to thee."

And, touching the glass with his lips, he rose, and pressing a hidden spring behind a picture which frowned on the side of the room, a secret panel slid back, and he passed through the aperture disclosed. Holding up the candle, he looked round upon a room barely lighted by its rays, strewed from end to end with pictures, finished and unfinished, great and small, landscapes and seascapes, historical studies and portraits. Standing motionless for a moment, he walked to the easel, and, turning a picture, gazed with a flashing eye and fast-heaving chest upon the face of a young girl, bright with the loveliness of youth and purity, tender with the softness of love and innocent passion.

"It speaks!" he breathed, almost painfully. "It is the child of herself. The eyes are hers as they sought mine, the lips are her very own as she prayed me to do her no harm. O Heaven! thou dost punish me heavily with this love of mine—heavily, heavily!"

Tragedy. Burlesque and Variety.

COMPETITION FOR PUBLIC FAVOR.

Then his head sank upon his breast, and, muttering "Maud, Maud!" he strode slowly into the other room, carefully closing the back panel behind him.

As he sank into the chair again, in the same attitude of mournful reverie, the dog rose, and, pricking up its ears, growled threateningly. Maurice Durant, who knew the noble creature never gave a sign in vain, bent down and stroked it; and the dog, after listening for a moment, dropped into its old position, with its head laid low upon the ground and its large eyes fixed upon the door. Maurice Durant listened attentively for a moment, but hearing nothing save the wind, leant his head upon his hand and fell into an uneasy slumber. Meanwhile a heavily-cloaked horseman was urging his steed at a dashing pace across the moor, and at the moment the dog uttered its warning had pulled up before the little path leading to the Rectory door.

"Phew!" he muttered, leaping down and unfastening the gate. "The place looks like a dead-house, a home for spirits, a prison, a—our Lady knows what not that's miserable and ghost-like. I'm half-inclined to throw the business up, or postpone to a more propitious season. Sh-sh! It's the drenching rain, the biting wind, the bitter blast which taunts thee, Spazzola. Get thee on and through it, for if thou failest to-night thy fortune's lost, and if thou hittest well, then—ah, what's that? Purgatory! my flesh is on the creep and my soul's like water! The light must be in a window. Ah, ah! my Lucien, thou art fairly in the hunter's toils at last! Thou eel, thou jelly-fish, thou slip-'tween-fingers, thou—— What an idiot art thou, Spazzola, to waste thy time in cant when thou shouldst act. Now, I'll tie thee here, my weary, bespattered one, and on to my mission."

So saying, he led the horse under as much shelter as the trees afforded, and, fastening its bridle to a branch, hurried up to the house on foot. Maurice Durant was startled from his brief sleep by a loud ringing of the long silent house-bell. Hastening to his feet, half assured that it was a trick of the dream, he seized his gun and called the dog. It wanted no call. With head thrown back and its eyes flashing, it waited for the opening of the door to dash at the intruder whomsoever it might be. In a moment the great bell rang out again, accompanied by a loud knocking on the worm-eaten panels of the great hall-door. Clutching his gun, his eyes flashing like the dog's, Maurice Durant, whispering a word to Tigris which kept it silent and at his heels, noiselessly unlocked the door and stepped out upon corridor. As he did so the old mute met him, and eagerly asked in signs if she should open the door. He answered her also by signs in the affirmative, touched his gun significantly to intimate that he was at hand to protect her against all ill. Then he strode to the huge balustrade, and, pointing his gun at the door with his finger on the trigger, and the dog crouched in an attitude to spring down the stairs he waited. Slowly the old woman crawled along the tesselated hall, throwing fantastic shadows on its pictured sides, and after some time spent in unfastening the rusty locks and bolts, cautiously opened the door. A gust of wind blew her candle out, carefully as her quivering hand sought to shield it, and a man's voice, sounding muffled and indistinct, exclaimed:

"Give this to your master, the Senor Lucien, and tell him I return good for evil."

Maurice Durant, at the sound of the voice, uttered a faint cry, and clutched the balustrade. Then, recovering, gave the word to the dog, who, opening its huge mouth with a ferocious yell, sprang down the stairs and at the door. But the old woman had closed it with terrified swiftness, and before Maurice Durant could open it again the sound of a horse's flying hoofs told him that pursuit would be useless. Relighting the candle, the old woman, as white with terror as her yellow skin would allow her to be, held out a stained and crumpled letter to her master.

"Is this all?" he signed.

She answered "Yes," with her long, bony hands, and Maurice Durant taking it called the dog and strode up the stairs again.

Re-entering his chamber, he caught at the flagon and drank a draught of wine; then, thrusting out his strong, sinewy hand before him, he regarded it with a stern frown until its tremor had ceased and it was firm again, then tore open the damp, weather-stained envelope. Once more he paused in an effort to regain his old stern serenity, and stood gazing with tightly-clenched lips and lowered brows upon the envelope; slowly, calmly, he extracted a slip of paper, unfolded it, and read it; then, with a cry that a soul emancipated from Hades might utter, fell fainting across the table, in the very spot, on the very same night of the year, where Gerald, his father, had fallen, clutching in his hand, as did he, a piece of paper. The news of his son's marriage and dishonor had stunned the father; the tidings of the woman's death had felled the son. Let us bend over the unconscious form and learn for ourselves what it was that had felled him as if with a blow. It was a small piece of foreign paper, bearing the official heading of a small Italian province. Within its ruled lines ran, in a priest's crabbed handwriting, these words in Italian:

Felise Faustine—surname unknown—aged about 28 or 29, died the twentieth day of —, 18—. Was buried in the cemetery of this village by me, Baptiste Verox. (Signed)

BAPTISTE VEROX, Vicar of San Prestari.
CLAUD LORAIRE, Sexton of San Prestari.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HINTS ON THE CARE OF THE EYES.

There are, perhaps, more individuals who ascribe their weakness of sight to a use of their eyes under an insufficient artificial illumination than to any other one cause. In a great many instances this may be strictly true, but there can be no doubt that faulty artificial light is one of the most productive causes of a certain class of injuries to which the eye can be exposed. The two sources of trouble with the ordinary artificial lights are first, that they are not pure white, and secondly, that they are unsteady. The first defect is found in all artificial lights except the lime, electric and magnesium lights; the second especially in candles and gas. The yellowness is, in a measure, counteracted by using, in the case of lamps and gas, chimneys of a violet or blue tint, and the flickering of the gas may be obviated largely by employing an Argand burner. All things considered, a German student-lamp furnishes the most satisfactory light. The next best is gas with an Argand burner. The chimneys of both may, as above suggested, be advantageously of a light-blue tint.

The position of the light in relation to the body is of great importance. If a shade is used on the lamp or burner (it should, by preference, be of ground or "milk" glass, never of colored glass), the light may stand directly in front of the body and the work be allowed to lie in the light under the shade, which will protect the eyes from the glare of the flame. If no shade is used, the back should be turned to the source of light, which ought to fall over the left shoulder. The same rule applies in the management of daylight. In this case the light should come from behind and slightly above, and fall directly on the work, whence it is reflected to the eye. It should never fall directly in the face.

The light in the room during sleep is also not without its influence. As a rule, the room during sleeping-hours should be dark; and, in particular, care should be taken to avoid sleeping opposite a window where on opening the eyes in the morning a flood of strong light will fall on them. Even the strongest eyes are, after the repose of the night, more or less sensitive to the impression of intense light. The eyes must have time to accustom themselves to the stimulus. Attention should be called to the injurious effects that sometimes follow reading on railroad cars. On account of the unsteadiness of the page, reading under these circumstances is exceedingly trying to the eyes, and should never be persisted in for any considerable length of time. During convalescence from severe illness the eyes are generally the last to regain their lost power. Especially is this the case with women after childbirth, and too much care cannot be taken to put as little strain upon the eyes as possible at this time.—*Dr. S. M. Burnett in Scribner.*

A MAN FROM BOSTON would not confess astonishment at anything he saw in Nevada. As he was passing a hotel in Virginia City the cap blew from one of the chimneys. It was a circular piece of sheet-iron, painted black, slightly convex, and the four supports were like legs. The wind carried it down street, and it went straddling along like a living thing. The Boston man asked what it was. "A bedbug from the hotel," was the reply. "My George, I never saw anything like that—" he began; then added, "outside of Boston."

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED CHILD.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN M. TURNER.

"Mother, throw the windows open, let the light come streaming in,
For the darkness seems to gather, and the air seems close within.
Please call father to me, mother! Let me kiss him once again.
Let me hold his hand, dear mother, for it seems to ease my pain.

"Will he never come, dear mother? Kneel beside my bed and pray.
How the darkness fast increases, how the sunlight fades away!
Hark! What is that lovely music floating by me through the air?
Tell me, mother, do the angels wait to bear me over there?

"Ah, methinks I hear them calling, calling softly to obey;
Yet please tell me, if you love me, what keeps pa so long away.
And there's something seems to tell me my young life is near the last."
* * * * * *

List! a footstep near approaches; it must be his welcome tread.
'Tis the broken-hearted father, and he hastens t'wards the bed.
Clasps the hands, so thin and bloodless, of the boy he loved so dear,
Kisses the pallid forehead sadly, wipes away the burning tear.

"You may think me cold and heartless thus to keep you in suspense,
But Rube Jones the undertaker was a fixin' of his fence.
I thought best to fetch him with me, just because 'twas on my way;
So, you see, 'twas Jones' doings which occasioned the delay.

"I own up I'm disappointed that the kid has not caved in;
When I tell this thing to Reuben, he will cut up just like sin.
He is waiting in the entry—business can't be overlooked—
Let him look at Willie's thorax, he can see the kid is booked.

"Rube, sit down; the boy is backward, time with him's of no account.
He thinks nothing of your trouble, nor how high your fees amount;
But you must not blame him, Reuben—for him I apologize—
Just sit here and take things easy; we will wait until he dies."

"Yes: but, Mr. Stephen Potter, this here game won't do at all;
I have worked on that boy's coffin every day, sir, since last Fall,
When you said he had consumption, and that 'Doc' Brown had his case
This here kind of talk to me, sir, I consider out of place.

"Brown from me gets big commission when his patients turn their toes,
And you both deserve great censure thus upon me to impose;
Twenty seven pounds of ice, sir, he home melting in my vault,
And this way of doing business, I'll be damned! don't make my salt.

"Fourteen yards of white merino which you ordered for a shroud,
All made up, are ready waiting when your corpse bestrides a cloud;
Plate engraved with age and title, coffin-screws just twenty pound,
Four fine pair of plated handles, all are rusty, lying round.

"There's the box, so highly polished, getting scratched up every day,
All because your son is backward turning flesh to *Potter's clay*
No, sir! I won't wait forever—Sunday next this funeral's due—
Get your cards of invitation, name the time at half-past two.

"Throw the doors and windows open, let him have sufficient draught;
Move the bedstead t'wards the windows—now we'll sail this little craft.
Now I'll leave, so bid good-evening—I will call and see you soon;
His box will be here sure to-morrow—hearse next Sunday afternoon."
* * * * * *

Sabbath bells were sadly tolling, tolling for a spirit's flight
Who hath gone to join the angels, ever clad with robes of light.
Oh, how sad is our affliction—sad because he's with us not,
Joy for us is thence a stranger.—WILLIE POTTER'S GONE TO POT.

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY.

The strife between Tragedy and Comedy is as old as the stage it

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

BUFFALO.—A player who is assisted or who is ordered up cannot go alone. The assistance is logically a greater bar to a lone hand, on the part of the player who is assisted, than is an order-up by an opponent. In the former case one partner is virtually exposing his hand to the other, and in your case A would be playing alone upon the strength of C's hand, rather than upon that of his own. Furthermore, as the "assistance" shut D out from going alone, even though he had held both bowers and ace, king and queen of trumps, it should logically shut out, also, any player to the left of D.

SUBSCRIBER, New Orleans.—The bet with which a jackpot is opened is not to be raised. As soon as the pot has been opened, all the players are considered in; cards are then served; the man who opened the pot makes the first bet; the others must then call, raise or pass out; if all pass out, the opener must show what he opened on. Under certain circumstances there is no fixed general rule for the jackpot. It is not poker, and it never will be. It is simply a diversion, and can be played in a hundred different ways, as it is already.

J. B., Stockton.—The only tracks in this city in 1849 were those of the Harlem and the Hudson-river Railroad. Between the City Hall and Fourth avenue, Fourteenth street, horse cars (Harlem Railroad) drawn by horses were running at least as early as 1844. These carried passengers, who got on and off at pleasure. Street-cars, as we now see them, were first introduced in America in New Orleans, about 1860-50.

J. H. G.—In "heel-and-toe" walking the heel of one foot should be planted before the other leaves the ground, the sole being taken as much as possible near the ball, heel, and the ball and toe of the foot being allowed to remain in contact with the ground the smallest possible space of time, as the swing decreases in speed, and by causing the knee to bend tends to produce "lifting." The body should be held upright and the knees straight.

D. K., San Francisco.—1. The crew of the Maid of Erin in the race with the Superior of St. John, N. B., at Boston, Sept. 13, 1855, were: John McCarty, Andrew Murray, John Murray, Richard Barry, Michael Driscoll, Eugene O'Neill, and another; Richard McCarty, coxswain. 2. THE CLIPPER ALMANAC will inform you.

PEDESTRIAN.—Jack Goulding, who has had experience in that line, can give you information upon the subject. A letter addressed in our care will reach him. If you have other employment, however, we would advise you to continue at it, as pedestrianizing at country fairs is a very uncertain way of gaining a livelihood.

J. G., Cincinnati.—Both having made points enough, neither can claim the game after cards have been played out. The man who was first to make enough should have called out as soon as he got them. 2. If the dealer claimed the game by calling out when he had not points enough to put him out, he loses the game.

CONSTANT READER.—1. "Divorce" was originally acted in Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre on Twenty-fourth street, this city, Sept. 3, 1871. 2. She may have done so; but she was not in the original cast. 3. The present Fifth-avenue Theatre was first opened Dec. 3, 1873.

J. T. E., Augusta.—1. Scores of people term such a one uncle, for lack of a better name. 2. Strictly, your uncle is your father or mother's brother, and his child is your first cousin. That child's progeny and yours are second cousins.

OLD READER, Wilmington.—The word "usually" was added because your question said "euchre or any other game of cards." At euchre, as in most all other games, if indeed not all of them, the cards are cut to the right and dealt to the left, as last week. You were right.

DUBLIN.—1. "Dicky Lot—Go." "Don't Judge Shall Not be Forgot," "The Doubt," "Chicago Academy Theatre Fire," "Why Ed. Walters Never Married," "An Angel."

O. WILLIAMS.—The secretary of the International Association is Mr. Williams of the Buckeye Club of Columbus. Direct to International Convention, Buffalo, before the 19th.

STAGE STRUCK, Newark.—1. Comic and character vocalists receive from $25 to $150 per week, according to merit and reputation. 2. He advertises to do so. 3. We cannot give his terms.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Beaver City.—"The Watermill" is a translation from the German. Gus Williams is said to have recited it in public before George S. Knight, and a short time ago it was set to music.

OLD NEW-YORKER.—1. A five turned up and three fives in hand, along with the jack of the same suit as the turned-up five, count 20. 2. Ned O'Baldwin's height was 5 feet 5¾ inches. 3. See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

E. C. O'B., Claverack.—The custom of American colleges is to exclude no one from competition. Of course, the spirit of a fair game in an inter-collegiate contest cannot compete again therein.

B. K., Brooklyn.—Some of them were declined. It may save you trouble if you send less frequently, as we have a large number from others, and we endeavor to give each a turn.

C. D. C., Waverly.—B could not combine the ace and the nine, and thus take the trick of four. He took in anything on his play at that juncture, it should have been the nine and the ace, leaving the "four" until next time round.

S. A., Lansing.—1. The jack turned put the dealer side out. 2. Right. Low, jack and game is the order in play. A jack saved cannot be counted until high and low have been counted.

C. B. D. K.—No. If it was clear that the deck was put up top of the four cards served, the deck should be lifted off. The statement itself is not clear. Nobody but the dealer should have touched the deck.

E. R. R., Putnam.—No answers by mail. As we have not the correct seating capacity of all the theatres in the world, we cannot positively say; but there are a great many larger than the one you name.

J. H., Detroit.—1. You can procure bells and full particulars of W. F. Spaulding, Neponset, Mass. 2. Water is used, the quantity regulating the tone. 3. A thin strip of leather or rubber attached to a handle.

FRANK, Evansville.—We have no correct record of the weight of the large hippopotamus in the Zoological Garden, London, Eng. Published statements of such matters are often exaggerated.

APPLE JACK, Baltimore.—In the San Francisco papers his name was spelled Robinson. We never saw it spelled differently, but we cannot say that that is the proper way to spell it.

CONSTANT READER, Albany.—1. It is impossible to say who first introduced the North-of-Ireland dialect on the variety stage. 2. The Kernells are among the best. 3. In Baltimore, Md. 4. Long ago. 5. Charles McCarthy.

J. M., Stoneham.—1. At present England has no power to *draft* men anywhere. All her soldiers must be enlisted. 2. We believe not, but cannot undertake to decide a bet on the question.

ANXIOUS READER, Baltimore.—1. If you cannot be identified, the only way is to leave the check with some respectable banking house for collection. 2. We do not take any stock in lotteries.

VERITAS, Bradford.—He must give him a valid, playing card at once. It does not change the order of the drawn cards. The one exposed in reality does not belong to the pack during that deal.

J. E. S., Wampum.—The question was answered fully. You can do that, at the risk of losing the game for so doing. At cassino it is not permissible to build a pair royal on a partner or not, to combine or build a pile unless he has remaining in his hand a card that will take that pile.

J. K., Chicago.—Jim Mace was matched with, but did not fight, O'Baldwin in England. 2. Mace's only fights since that match with O'Baldwin were those with Allen and Coburn in America. He was matched with O'Baldwin here also, but they did not fight.

EARLY RISERS, Chicago.—1. Ned O'Baldwin fought Andrew Marsden (twice), George Sullivan and Joe Wormald. 2. Joe Ramsey beat Sullivan. 3. Joe Rowbotham defeated Tom Sayers in 61 rounds, 2 hours 2 minutes. 5. Bill Poole weighed 157lb.

J. C. P., Newark.—No answers by mail. Steam calliopes are made to order. An advertisement might procure a second-hand instrument. Large dealers in fireworks keep paper balloons.

T. F. W.—Charles Vivian made his American debut at Bunker's American Theatre, then located at 472 Broadway, this city, Nov. 18, 1867.

M. E., Baltimore.—He was in Chicago, Ill., a few weeks ago. A letter directed in care of this office will soonest reach him.

J. C. O., Worthington.—No answers by mail. Write to W. F. Spaulding, Neponset, Mass., who has them for sale, and ask for his price list and particulars.

J. B. J., Bay City.—If you have made such a bet, you lose. Andrew Johnson was impeached by the House of Representatives on March 2, 1868.

J. E. B., Baltimore.—There are such institutions in this country. Write to Dr. J. A. Going, 1,674 Broadway, New York, on the subject.

FOREST AND STREAM, Baltimore.—We cannot positively decide who is the bona-fide owner of the horse named. He is always entered in the name of A. J. McKimmin.

ESPERANZA, London.—We forwarded both letters to the company who are now engaged in this city. You should get an answer soon, if he is still with that troupe.

J. R. R., Grafton.—As you have had no previous experience, you would find it next to impossible to secure an engagement with a circus.

C. W. D., Osceola.—Between the deal and the draw, at poker, the cards cannot be shuffled, except with the consent of the parties.

W. M., Parker.—The turning-down of sweeps in a call-out game does not apply at that stage when a sweep will put a player out. John went out on the sweep.

"THE PLACE," Essex.—The bank was closed, when B, not having been raised, made his blind good. That constituted a "call."

R. B. A., Alton.—A penalty for this should have been agreed upon before beginning play. There is no fixed penalty.

SCRIBBLERIANUS.—If no lease or agreement is signed, we are of opinion that the verbal agreement does not legally bind either tenant or landlord.

C. M. C., Providence.—1. Which Charles IV? 2. That *is* "taking across the board." 3. At checkers the double-corner is to the right.

REABER, Louisville.—A "straight" is nowhere alongside of four-of-a-kind. Perhaps you mean a "straight-flush." That, if admitted into the game, will beat anything else.

J. S., Sandusky.—See answer to "Old Subscriber, San Francisco," merely substituting for 30 the number you were playing up.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, San Francisco.—The player who was first to make 30 should have called out. Both having made 30, neither wins the game.

S. E., Cairo.—We have no time to devote to the solution of such problems. ⅛ cent a B is near enough an answer for all practical purposes.

ASUS, North Attleboro.—1. Laura Keene died in Montclair, N. J., Nov. 4, 1873. 2. We cannot say. 3. In "The Gladiator." The line is spoken by Spartacus.

SCOTIA.—The total cash admissions to the Philadelphia exhibition were $8,004,374. Cannot give the figures of the Paris exhibition.

JACKSON SHAW, Phila.—Frank Klisby beat D. Coombes, Putney to Mortlake, £50 a side, Jan. 13, 1869. Time, 20m. 8s. Betting: 2 to 1 on Klisby.

CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—1. Tom Hyer's opponents in the ring were Yankee Sullivan and Country McClusky. 2. Morrissey, 170lb; Poole, 157lb. 3. Poole won.

T. W., Medford.—When we last heard from Abe Hicken he was proprietor of a sparring-school and gymnasium in Melbourne, Australia.

SPOT, Manchester.—1. We do not require one. 2. See CLIPPER ALMANAC. 3. There is no recognized "champion" clog-dancer.

CONSTANT READER, Worcester.—Measure from the upper edge of the socket to the point of the blade, the socket not to be included in the measurement.

GEO. BROWN, Chicago.—We so answered it because the question was put in that way. Give us dates, and we will give particulars.

NO SCHOLAR, Marlboro.—1. A blow delivered in the pit of the stomach (or "mark") is not foul. 2. The colors are tied about the waist.

TOM, Hyer's Landing.—"Baba" was first produced in Niblo's Garden, this city, Sept. 18, 1876, and was acted for the last time there Dec. 9.

B. A. J., Detroit.—There are no books giving instruction in stage business. That must be learned by actual practice on the regular stage.

WILL, Philadelphia.—1. She has no brother who is a correct player. 2. Born in Madrid, Spain, but reared in this country.

R. M., Richmond.—The cards must be cut whenever shoved. After they have been properly cut, the dealer can cut them.

JAS. SMITH.—Yes; send a stamp-directed envelope addressed to yourself.

REPORTER, St. Stephen.—E. Hernstein, 52 Chatham street, or P. G. Otto & Son, 64 Chatham street, New York.

OLD TIMER, Chicago.—C. M. Moseman A Bro., 114 Chambers street, this city.

READER.—At any of the numerous dancing schools in this city.

MRS H. R.—He is on his father's plantation. The correct post-office address is, Orange Island, New Iberia, La.

B. B. AND C.—He was born in London, Eng., but reared in France.

C. F. M.—Neither wins. The man who first got 21 should have claimed game at once, without playing further.

C. A., Sacramento.—Jack and John Stewart are the same.

CONSTANT READER, Washington.—M. went out on "game."

LONG BALEMORE.—Jarrett & Palmer have control of the Plymouth Rock, which is laid up for the season.

E. H., Minooka.—The poem is published in book-form by the Petersons of Philadelphia.

W. A.—They acted in the farce at the theatre named at the commencement of the present season.

DEALER, Utica.—All such schemes are illegal in this State.

INQUIRER, Oakland.—See Dramatic Summary of this issue. He may be addressed in care of this office.

READER, Red Bank.—When last we heard from him he was in Australia. We mean to South Australia.

CONSTANT READER.—She is in Europe. Her return is uncertain.

SUBSCRIBER, Shekomeko.—Send to Ed. James for a catalogue.

JOHN TUTTLE, Bridgeport.—Write to Matt Kyle, High Bridge, New York.

JOE.—Born in Harford County, near Baltimore, Md., in Nov. 1853.

A. F. M., Portsmouth.—We have handed your letter to a well-known showman, who will communicate with you.

F. C. B., Port Royal.—Ed. James can get them for you. See his advertisement on eighth page.

S. S., Williamstown.—Van Amburgh & Co.'s Show is traveling in the Southwest. John Murray is in this city.

L. R. F., Goodspeed's Landing.—It is pure, by a matter of opinion who is the best jig and clog dancer traveling.

GILLIS, Jefferson.—Address Editor, *Daily News*, Galveston, Texas.

J. C. M., Pittsburg.—She sailed in 1819 from the U. S. to Liverpool, and her name was the Savannah.

O. T. E., New Orleans.—High deals at piquet, unless some particular code or rules is specified.

A. F., Pittsburg.—We know of no other way by which a letter would reach him, unless you watch our variety summary for his whereabouts.

H. E. G., Omaha.—About $40 per week. If he combines other specialties with tambling, from $50 to $100 per week, according to merit and reputation.

HAMPTON, Prop. King defeated Heenan in England Dec. 10, 1863. 2. Cannot say, as we have not seen him in practice.

OLD SPORT, Montreal.—Nearly two years ago. He was accompanied by Bart Tinnichil and Fred Harmer, who returned some time ago.

PHŒNIX, Memphis.—There is some talk of it, but nothing has yet been decided.

J. D. A., Lansing.—You cannot play it alone if your partner makes the trump.

CONSTANT READER.—The Carlo Brothers' Circus is in South America.

HARRY, Chicago.—Managers engage him because he attracts people.

O. K., Gettysburg.—1. The jack turned put the dealer out. 2. The jack does not count always.

H. S., St. Louis.—A makes two points, the same as if his partner had played with him.

SUBSCRIBER, Dayton.—B could not claim pool because of A's burst.

W., Delavan.—At the draw game of dominoes, a player can draw, even though he has a piece that will play.

H. H. P.—Cold cream is first applied to the face, and the white is put on afterwards.

MISS B. DE N., Tipton.—No answers by mail. He is probably still in Australia.

CAMERA.—From $200 to $1,000 per night, according to the purpose for which it is used.

F. W. M., Bridgeport.—Morrissey and Sullivan fought at Baron Hoffman's, Canada.

H. KESSLER, Brooklyn.—No challenges noticed unless accompanied by a deposit.

W. C. LYNCH, Rockport.—THE CLIPPER ALMANAC gives full information on the subject.

OLD OLYMPIC.—Mary Taylor (Mrs. W. Ogilvie Ewen) died in this city Nov. 10, 1866.

CONSTANT READER, Lexington.—In a space of fifteen lines, $2.25 for each insertion.

CAMERA, Montreal.—Rowell & Co., advertising agents, this city, might be able to inform you.

READER, Baltimore.—1. B is out. 2. The sweep counts as soon as any other point.

TIGER, Pittsburg.—London, Eng., in point of population.

W. M. C.—Have no record of the owners of sporting dogs.

ZANESVILLE.—Three queens, a king and a jack count 18.

SIMPLICITAS.—Of Harper Bros., Pearl street, near Ferry.

FARMER, Mobile.—See answer to "J. R. R., Baltimore."

M. C., West Point.—There is more *cash* here, of course.

BILLY C. H., New Orleans.—We have mailed it to you.

SERGT. S., Fort Ellis.—A six and four threes count 30.

H. MARTIN.—Heenan and Sayers fought April 17, 1860.

STAKEHOLDER, Chicago.—The tie-games do not count.

J. H. S., Worcester.—4, 4, 5, 6, 6 count 24 at cribbage.

C. D. S., Ypsilanti.—See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

CECIL, Lowell.—3, 6, 3, 4, 1, 5, 2, make a run of six.

J. R. D., Wabash.—He traveled with that show.

A. R. C.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC, price 15c.

H. S. P., Quincy.—Inquire at the leading bookstores.

P. V. C., City.—See answer to H. Kessler.

JACK BROWN.—Use the juice of lemon.

J. D.—Tom King never fought Sayers.

R. S. A., Lansingburgh.—Sullivan and Morrissey.

A. T. F., Little Rock.—The Missouri.

DIXIE, Columbia, S. C.—It is auburn.

NO SIGNATURE.—It is not taxed.

J. C. B., 1393, City.—See Broeck.

G. B. W., Rochester.—Yes.

PADUCAH.—High-low wins.

THE PUBLICATION in THE CLIPPER of the letter of John McDonald, and the comments thereon, has attracted a good deal of attention, and been the cause of considerable discussion in sporting classes, the conclusion arrived at in most cases being that McDonald has either been made the tool of certain designing parties, or that, to cover up some questionable operation of his own in connection with the Heenan and King contest, he has sought to besmirch the name and fame of the American, knowing, as he does, that "dead men tell no tales." We await with some impatience the next chapter in this sensational story.

SCENE IN A RESTAURANT.—*Hungry Customer*—Got some nice Spring lamb to-day?

Waiter—Yes, sir; some choice cuts, fresh and tender.

Customer—How do you manage to get Spring lamb in the Winter season?

Waiter—Oh, we raise 'em in the hot-house.

WELL, what's to hinder us from going into this Turkey war? If that nation is to be dismembered, in the forcible language of our cricketing friends let us take a "cut" for "short leg." It were well that "the greatest nation on the face of the earth" should remember Turkey!

SUPPOSE this question about hell should enter into our politics this year, and a new party spring up from it! What would become of the old organizations, we should like to know. Why, the no-hell party would sweep all before it! Here's a hint for hungry politicians.

NOW THAT a compromise has been effected between Mr. Lord and his worthy sons, the latter are willing to admit that the old gentleman is no more insane than they are. Thus, we see that money will cure even the worst case of insanity! Most noble Lords!

THE GOVERNMENT has got the country into such a tight place that the people are beginning to realize the fact that they are not to have the privilege of saying what kind of money they will accept. In fact, they ought to be glad to get *any* kind!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT seems to have come to Tweed; and, truly, there's millions in it. In the sweet language of pecsy:

Judgment on judgment the Court keeps on a-piling,
And yet, at every round, Tweed comes up smiling!

UP TO the present writing it has not been satisfactorily determined whether Madison Wells is a vassal or a peer. We admit, however, that this is one of those important questions which should not be decided hastily.

LET NO five-cent barber shave you, if you haven't your life insured, for in his haste he's just as likely as not to cut your whole head off! Better stick to regular nominations.

THE STOCK OF SKATES continues large, with but slight indications of a revival in that trade before next Winter. This is not so much owing to hard times as to the absence of hard weather.

WOULDN'T IT be about the right thing for the United States Government to send some sort of a fleet to Constantinople to help protect the Christians in that irreligious city?

IT IS DENIED that the Lyceum Theatre is to be converted into French flats, probably because the French flats that were there some time ago didn't take very well.

LET'S MAKE up a purse to be given to the man who can swim a thousand miles in a thousand hours, beginning on George's birthday!

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY didn't amount to much, and the Post-office people talk of getting up a thanksgiving in consequence.

THEY THINK they have got the man that struck Patterson, down in New Orleans; but Charley Ross is still missing.

DON'T FORGET Washington's birthday. This year it falls on Friday, Feb. 22. Let your friends know it!

WE KNOW where Sitting Bull is, but what has become of "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse?"

THE LADIES still cling to clinging dresses because they cling to them.

"DOCTOR MORTIMER'S PATIENT."—Among the latest additions to the literature of the day is a well-told story bearing the above title, by Miss Fannie Bean, a young lady who has contributed some very interesting papers to the magazines and journals of the day. The story under notice is treated with a masterly hand, the interest never flagging, but rather increasing as the work progresses, and culminating in some very exciting situations towards the close. There is a deep-laid plot, and a counterplot equally well conceived; there is the lovely young heroine and her persecutor; there is a murder, and the arrest and trial of an innocent man, charged with the crime, the very men who planned the murder being his prosecutors in a court; then we have a dash of satire on the juryman of the day, and his free-and-easy manner of arriving at a solution of the question which involves the life of a fellow-being; with many a cut and thrust at the intelligence and understanding of court-officials. A vein of rich humor runs through the work, in striking contrast with the tender touches of pathos and humanity which add so much to the entertaining character of "Doctor Mortimer's Patient." We congratulate Miss Fannie Bean on her skillful treatment of her "Patient," and trust that we may soon hear from her again. The novel has just been issued from the press of the well-known firm of G. W. Carleton & Co., New York, and is for sale at all bookstores throughout the country. It is in one large 12mo. volume, clearly printed on good paper, bound in cloth, and the price is $1.50 per copy.

THE SPARTANS.—This is the title given to a new organization in Boston, Mass., the officers of which are: President, Frank S. Clifford; secretary, Alfred A. Mudge; treasurer, Geo. Chevalier; clerk, Chas. H. McDonald; directors, the above officials, John D. Glazier Jr., Jas. E. Loobey and Chas. B. Leathe. As we learn from the charter of the organization, the object of the Spartans is to promote intellectual and physical culture among both males and females, and especially by providing suitable buildings and grounds where there can be a reading-room, library, and place for athletic and training exercises, and healthful sports and games. All applicants, without distinction of age, sex or race, are eligible as members, provided they bear a good moral character. The initiation fees are as follow: Representative members, $10; honorary, $5; active, $3; nominal, $2. The annual dues are respectively $3, $3, $2 50 and $2. Applications for membership, etc., can be addressed to Chas. H. McDonald, P. O. box 2,411, Boston.

A LACROSSE TOURNAMENT, for which the proprietors of *The Country* offer a silver cup, is announced to be held at Gilmore's Garden from March 5 to 9. The trophy is open to competition only to teams from regularly organized lacrosse clubs in the States and Canada, and the projectors announce that the Caughnawauga Indian team of the Dominion and the Onondagas of Syracuse, N. Y., will be among the participants. Lacrosse, although very popular across the border, is a novel game to the majority of our people, and should attract large crowds to the Garden to witness two or three displays, but the policy of extending the tourney over a period of five days seems to us a mistaken one, even with the addition of snow-shoe racing (minus snow) and other attractions.

A RATTLING MATCH against time, Johnny Carman's black-and-tan ball-terrier Harry to kill one hundred rats in fifteen minutes, for $100, took place on the west-side on the evening of Feb. 17. The dog has been under the care of "Dick the Rat" for some time past, and was handled by him so well that he accomplished his task in 13m. 45s., thus winning with seventeen seconds to spare.]

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** Feb. 11: Secretary Sherman and others sent a telegram of sympathy to Anderson of the Returning Board.....Ben Wade dangerously ill.....Armed mob in Steuben County, N. Y. Governor asked to send aid.....A. W. Whitehorne of Brooklyn died drunk prussic-acid on the steps of the New Haven State-house.....Ex-Governor Moses of South Carolina accused of stealing from his wife and doing other things which the laws of Moses forbid.....General suspension of mining operations in the Schuylkill, Pa., region.....Henry Bergh before a Committee of the House.....Charges against Commissioner Flaherty of Brooklyn not sustained.....Emily N. Marble sentenced at Detroit, Mich., to seven years' imprisonment. Emily killed her husband.....The $1,800 package of money still missing from the United States Treasury.....Death of Gideon Welles.....International Trust Company of Jersey City did too much trusting. Which of why it suspended.....Citizens' Steamship British America and brig Carrie Winslow collided off Sandy Hook—brig's captain and steward lost; president and secretary of the National Trust Company indicted for perjury; Columbia College students arrested for throwing eggs and things at the Count Joannes in the Lyceum Theatre; Board of Education cut down the teachers' salaries; Madame Restell rested in the City Prison; Anthony Klein, proprietor of a Centre-street saloon, accidentally shot himself through the head; crew of the schooner Sallie N. Steelman reached the city, after subsisting for days on human flesh; a son of Mrs. Irene Rouse convicted of stealing silk dresses and laces from his mother.....By cable: Austria asked the Sultan for authority to send her fleet to the Dardanelles; celebration of King Alfonso's marriage in Havana.....Two convicts escaped from the Easton, Pa., Prison.....A fire broke out in Fort McPherson, Neb., but the soldiers succeeded in holding the fort.

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*** Feb. 13: Sharp talk in the House among Democratic members.....Hewitt and Cox write Aiken for peace.....President and Vice-president in Baltimore Camp-meeting fair.....James Worley and wife murdered in Wayne County, N. C.....Collision on the railroad near Newport, Pa. Engineer and fireman killed.....Daniel Reardon, his wife and four children burned to death in Wickham, N. B.....Anderson continued his trial for a week.....Three failures in Montreal; total liabilities, $216,000.....All the Crispins at work again in Lynn, Mass.....Mrs. Sarah Harrison elected a member of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. The first woman ever honored by such an election.....Bill introduced into the New York Assembly cutting down the salaries of the Recorder and other judges of this city.....Henry Williams, under sentence of death, burned a hole through the floor of his cell and escaped from the county jail at Norfolk, Va.....City news: Robert L. Case, the convicted insurance president, admitted to bail; masses in memory of the Pope celebrated in the Cathedral and St. Peter's Church; ex-Excise Commissioner Morton to dispute in the courts the Governor's right to remove him from the Board; papers in the Lord-Hicks compromise ready for signatures; valuable paintings in the Lamont collection sold at auction; the chief contestant testified in the Merrill will case; nobody willing to sign Mme. Restell's bail-bond—so the Madame remained restive in the Tombs; August Nunnelli, found hanging by a rope in his room in Forty-ninth street.....By cable: Public excitement at fever-heat in England; British fleet entered the Sea of Marmora; Cardinals at Rome said to have divided into three parties over the election of a Pope.....Fire destroyed the house and barn of Wm. Hotzart at North Bergen, N. Y.....Many cases of diphtheria in Boston.

*** Feb. 14: In shape of wit and humor's wine, THE CLIPPER sends its valentine.....Gen. Devens decided that the United States cannot interfere in the Returning Board cases.....Secretary Sherman reported a probable deficit in the revenues of $5,000,000.....New York Assembly debated the Daly Excise Bill. Senate passed the Appropriation Bill.....South Carolina Legislature elected six Circuit Judges, five of them Democrats.....Funeral of Gideon Welles, at Hartford, Ct.....Explosion in a Springfield, Mass., cap factory demolished the building, and killed Otis B. Smith.....Mary Quinn, aged 65, outraged and murdered at Little River, N. B.....In the Maryland House of Delegates, Montgomery Blair offered a substitute for the adverse report on his Presidential memorial.....The House ventilated Louisiana politics and passed the West Point Bill.....John S. Morton, the ex-president of a Philadelphia street-railway, pleaded guilty.....Capt. William Love, a Sandy Hook pilot, fell dead in Pompkinsville, S. I.....City news: Cupid's message-made boy captured and another despatchment in the Lord case; William Malcolm's body found in the North River off Twenty-seventh street; the Lamont collection of paintings sold for $30,000.....By cable: The British Government officially announced that six ironclads had entered the Dardanelles in defiance of Ottoman Pasha's protest; the Russians expected to be in Constantinople by midnight.....Fire destroyed the cabinet of Webster mansion at Marshfield, Mass. The pictures and mementos were mostly saved. Loss $50,000.....News received of the burning of the bark Otto George at sea.

*** Feb. 15: The Senate grappled with the Silver Bill. All-night session. Free-coinage clause struck out and an international conference voted for.....Bayard's speech.....Bismarck's visit to Germany.....Jean Landreau wanted the Government to help him collect a claim of $100,000,000 against Peru. Jean believes in imPeruving his finances.....The President and Fred. Douglass made speeches at the Howard University, Washington.....Chambersburg's (N. J.) Mayor absconded.....Calvin Stewart sentenced in Morristown, N. J., to be hanged.....Woman eaten by rats in Jeffersonville, Ind.....The ex-bank officials of Paterson, N. J., convicted.....The murderer Beavers hanged at Madison, Ind.....John D. Ables swung from the scaffold at Carthage, Mo.....New Jersey Central Railroad ordered its engineers to withdraw from the Brotherhood.....A ten-year-old deaf mute murdered in Newark, N. J.....Bill introduced into the Maine House of Representatives giving women the right to vote.....Body of Mrs. Benn Pitman cremated at Washington, Pa.....City news: Wm. F. Biley, a Williamstreet clerk, after stealing $17,000, disappeared with his brother; a stir in the Custom-house over the new system of examining baggage; Susan Dickie released, and Judge Brady declared the New York laws on insanity "a disgrace to civilization;" Joseph S. Rown, after a two years' search, discovered his child; Cammeyer & Nason failed for $180,000; pretty girl said she had lost a set of $1,500 diamonds after attending the Elks' Ball; officers of the system of electric burglar alarm company denied financial embarrassments; Gen. Dix testified in the Merrill will case.....By cable: Lord Derby warned Russia not to knock the chip off of England's shoulder; King Alfonso opened the Spanish Cortes; Russia wanted Germany to work for peace.....Fires: Ten buildings in Hempstead, Texas—loss about $60,000; cottonmill at Taunton, Mass., damaged to the extent of $10,000; Island Ledge House at Wells' Beach, Me.—loss $40,000; hotel at Gloucester City, N. J.—loss $4,000.

*** Feb. 16: Silver Bill passed the Senate. Yeas, 48, nays 21.....A negro in Shelbyville, Ky., taken from his house and shot to death by six armed men.....Maximilian Wolf, a Newark schoolteacher, would not keep the wolf from the door, shot himself through the head.....At George Miller killed in a quarrel with Heinrich Hendreich at Union Hill, N. J.....General ticket-agent of the Jersey City Ferry missing. Likewise some of the funds of the company.....Manchester, N. H., excited over an elopement in high life.....Unable to find work, Andrew Gustafanson killed his sick sister, wife and children at Kennedy, N. Y., and was killed by a passing train.....*The Daily Free Press* of Trenton, N. J., suspended.....Bribery in the Minnesota Legislature. One of the members confessed that he had received $50 for his vote. Cheap enough.....Suspension of Schepper Brothers of Philadelphia. Liabilities, $900,000.....Forty cases of poisoning from well-water in Richford, Vt. And yet Vermont wants to prohibit the sale of beer.....A Cambridge, Mass., physician arrested for deserting a patient in a critical condition.....The respective merits of two dogs led to the murder of Thomas Garvey at Deadwood, D. T.....City news: Mr. Lord agreed to leave none of his estate to his bride, which at once convinced his children that he is not a lunatic; Edward Slocum found talking to a lamp-post with a razor in his hand—said all his relatives had died either by murder or suicide, and he wanted to follow their example; leading merchants conferred with the railroad presidents on freight rates; while trying to stop a wagon which had run over an old man in Second avenue, Peter J. Bommer was run over by the driver.....By cable: Constantinople not yet occupied by the Russians; hostilities in Thessaly continued.....Fires: Building No. 319 Broadway, this city—loss $10,000; Foster Building at Salem Depot, N. H.—loss $18,000; New York Nickel Plating Company's building in West Twenty-fifth street, this city, slightly damaged; boot and shoe store in Chicago—loss about $10,000.

*** Feb. 17: Will the President veto the Silver Bill? That was the conundrum which furnished Sunday reflection in Washington.....The steamer Old Colony broke her walking-beam when halfway between Watch Hill and Point Judith. Twenty tons of metal crushed through the decks. Narrow escape of passengers.....Five thousand dollars stolen from the Bank of Montreal traced to Chicago. That's where it would naturally turn up.....Sarah E. Tapping, a colored girl, stabbed by a jealous lover in Brooklyn.....Kimball, the church-debt raiser, undertook to lift a $69,600 debt from Talmage's Tabernacle in Brooklyn. He got it half-way up.....The body of Jennie Moore, who disappeared from Belleville, N. J., Christmas week, found in the Passaic River, near Newark.....Collision of freight trains on the Hudson-river Railroad, near Fort Washington station.....Daniel Ryan found lying in the street in Newark, N. J., with his skull fractured. He died in the evening.....The people of Washington, Pa., indignant over the cremation of Mrs. Benn Pitman.....City news: Sunday laget by no means abundant; lively fight between feminine pugilists in Thompson street.....Eugenie Butler stabbed Eliza Moore, locked up and filled with remorse; the City of Berlin, which it was feared had been lost on her outward voyage, reached the city; a number of clergymen undertook to demolish Bob Ingersoll; the Fifth-avenue Baptist Church made an effort to pay its debts.....By cable: The British fleet in Mudania Bay; Ship British America and brig Carrie Winslow collided off Sandy Hook—brig's captain and steward lost; president and secretary of the National Trust Company indicted for perjury; Columbia College students arrested for throwing eggs and things at the Count Joannes in the Lyceum Theatre; Board of Education cut down the teachers' salaries; Madame Restell rested in the City Prison; Anthony Klein, proprietor of a Centre-street saloon, accidentally shot himself through the head; crew of the schooner Sallie N. Steelman reached the city, after subsisting for days on human flesh; a son of Mrs. Irene Rouse convicted of stealing silk dresses and laces from his mother.....By cable: Austria asked the Sultan for authority to send her fleet to the Dardanelles; celebration of King Alfonso's marriage in Havana.....Two convicts escaped from the Easton, Pa., Prison.....A fire broke out in Fort McPherson, Neb., but the soldiers succeeded in holding the fort.

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of St. Louis, Mo., held their Club Hall on Saturday evening shell "Bob Ingersoll," in ce, and the silver cup and the Association champion- racted much attention. A on was the presentation to ble gold watch and chain, club.

rly of the N. Y. Y. C., was at arbor of Smyrna, Asia Minor, ruise in the Black Sea and s owned by Prince Masseo ptain is Mr. Van Wyke, who

e organizers of the Argonan- rgap Point, N. J., was seized tally, while returning from idence, at the former place,

TURF.

DOTTING NOTES.

ice is to be held on Lake of the present month, when or public competition dur- eeting.....He was the owner s trotting gelding General in a collision on one of the and was destroyed in con- wn trotter himself, a re- General Tweed is all right, his $10,000 match with H. N. es off at Fleetwood Park H. Vanderbilt recently pro- prietor of the well-known e, a fine oil painting by s 2:21 team, Small Hope ngs of the Abbey Hey Ho- nd, has the stables four n trotters, and he is anxious all distances against any ty. They are called Charles innie Collins, and Oxford pair.....The Texan four- whom recent public run- a character, arrived in this Holmdell, N. J., there to be campaign by J. B. Pryor, has just purchased of Ruth- colt by Pat Malloy, dam by ented as a racing-like young- He has gone into George .The Louisiana Jockey Club t in future of their Winter unsuccessful; and will hold which extra inducements in ch stakes will be offered. The the purchase of the grounds, urtenances, etc., which are m the Fair Grounds Associa- ow in New Orleans, and the ds in question stands ready . In the programme for the urses and money added to .....In England there are ining for the season of 1878. s has no fewer than seventy- gs. Matthew Dawson sixty- Scudfield, the trainer for Mr. s eight; among them a two- ct, an English-bred filly..... ne famous Rosalind possess- ngary, 3,546 834: Germany, reat Britain, 2 752,509; and the area of the several powers far the wealthiest in horses, t Trenton, N. J., the famous ored horses belonging to the anial will be brought to the e country. H. O. Bernard, ker, who made his debut on ed to retire, and his stable of during the current week.

e of the greatest English ses has recently gone the s Baron Rothschild's stal- rtaway (the most idolised and the still more famous well and Rataplan. King n three times at two years ning the others. At three or the Derby, in which he y's Andover. A fortnight injured his stifle, and was pe, and to this circumstance ted by his partisans. He ning the Triennial Stakes ning for the Cesarewitch, reatest honors were gained duce were Mainstone, King ston, Tomato, Tormentor, Restitution, Phaeton, Clori- e and Tormentor won the and Hannah the St. Leger

rion.—The annual trotting ommenced on Feb. 13. The on by Lizzie Harefoot, with time, 2 42. The free-for-all n, Drummer Boy securing e, 2 30¾. Ten horses start- 35 class; best, after resisting a postponement until the mer Boy scored three heats made being 2 30. The purse rs. Miss Parton took the :37, White Bird the second fourth, when the race wa

MANISM.

MILES IN ONE HOURS.

merican postman," on f walking 3,000 miles in t the Rotunda Skating ie commenced the un- as required to walk at every hour, but could as he felt inclined. He ile Jan. 26, at eleven he walked his last ing Sunday morning, ered two miles in the inutes past nine he and Y. Dunbar, for Dol- being allowed in the mber of miles to his ours; consequently he n the rear of time. At ramp round the Dolly- and two miles before re- path, unfortunately for ng, but the beautiful sea-air made ample ; having been made uld be taken to prevent tunda Rink until mid- y on, finding his way und the track, which one small lamp and estrian's progress was tanding the solitude ered more dismal by rns out at sea, Smythe eleven, when he had his total being 1,888 eighteen miles had. twelve he resumed his to Rink, and walked n he first four miles set- ary average of one ed to the middle of miles without a break. raph-board registered er track) in 965 hours. placed 1,936 miles in aving him sixty-four twenty-three hours. Dun- day morning he went ur A. M. he had trav- t him only nineteen g fifty-five miles. From d a little over a mile ime, and at forty-one al amounted to 1,954 progressed slowly, but improved in his pace, ven laps, and at eight 89 miles and 967 inches, ear of time. This he s last mile in 8min. minutes to spare. He e fatigued, and his on were medically re- when he entered on his roceedings he was vo- reat crowd that filled presented to him in rers, and he appropri- ith pardonable pride w accomplished what en attempted. He was an Hotel by the crowd. (*Sporting Life*), V. J. R. Thomson, Athletic' and Mr. Stewart (mem- Athletic Club).

rn long-distance runner, andicap on the Thames, eorge Rowing Club, ran boat capsizing, he was rned, never again rising covered at the instant ey. Tester was employed et, and leaves a wife and

n the twenty-six hours' ce at Agricultural Hall, Vaughan, Perkins, Geo. Lewis, Courtney, Ed- ilman, Keeble, Parnum, nd Gregory. The winner

ly mentioned as having ition at Agricultural Hall, , the following men had Morton, C. John- Brown, W. Barnett and

by the local press of New aturday evening, Feb. 9, in 143 hours 17 minutes that city. We do not, for genuineness of this per-

nile runner, was recently severely injured. At last d at Innskip.

TUG.

teams of ten men each, tle force doing duty in respectively by Sergeant an Denny Leary, took ep-pole managership on h was indirectly the re- art of Leary's men, who broken into the work, men in the second, at s taken up by Ser- ious, upon condition ground and time. This place above-mentioned, g, just after the men ground selected Leary boarded over, which of the big men composing ng was out of the run- premium; but, though it by long odds, Leary ant attempted to play a opposing squad home get "the laugh" on of it and checkmated ur the teams were upon as follow: No. 1—Ser- (anchor), Nugent, Far- Yetki's dry humor; A. Reid, and McBer- ry (captain), Slawson rkeman, Naton, Steven- thirty seconds elapsed until Leary's men were ope the captain of the r this means stalled off e was up. Leary, after g, challenged them to of chaffing they agreed complaining of illness,

A REMARKABLE REVERSE of fortune, both good and bad, is reported from Cologne. In 1852 two young Communists, Becker and Burgers, after a trial in which all Germany was interested, were sentenced to six years' imprisonment, and the punishment was rigorously worked out upon them. The three chief witnesses against them were a police inspector, a constable, and a lieutenant in the army. The lieutenant afterwards abused a trust, ran away, and finally shot himself; the police inspector also committed suicide, and the constable, though still living, is broken down in health and poor. Of the two criminals, Becker is now Mayor of Cologne, and member of the Prussian House of Peers, and Burgers is a member of the Lower House, and in high esteem.

THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.—What time is it?

POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

The following list gives some of the more common poisons and the remedies most likely to be at hand in case of need. The directions may be old, but in case you get a good strong dose of poison down, you will not object to a cure on account of its age:

Acids; these cause great heat and sensation of burning pain from the mouth down to the stomach. Remedies—Magnesia, soda, pearlash or soap dissolved in water; then use the stomach-pump or emetic.

Alkalies; best remedy is vinegar.

Ammonia; remedy, lemon juice or vinegar.

Alcohol; first cleanse out the stomach by an emetic, then dash cold water on the head, and give ammonia (spirits of hartshorn).

Arsenic; remedies—In the first place evacuate the stomach, then give the white of eggs, lime water, or chalk and water, charcoal and the preparations of iron, particularly hydrate.

Lead, white lead and sugar of lead; remedies—Alum, cathartic, such as castor oil and epsom salts, especially.

Charcoal; in poisons by carbonic gas, remove the patient to open air, dash cold water on the head and body, and stimulate nostrils and lungs by hartshorn, at same time rubbing the chest briskly.

Corosive sublimate; give white of eggs freshly mixed with water, or give wheat flour and water, or soap and water freely.

Creocote; white of eggs and the emetics.

Belladonna, night henbane; give emetics, and then give plenty of water and vinegar, or lemonade.

Mushrooms, when poisonous; give emetics, and then plenty of vinegar and water, with doses of ether if handy.

Nitrate of silver (lunar caustic); give a strong solution of common salt and then emetics.

Opium; first give a strong emetic of mustard and water, then strong coffee and acid drinks; dash cold water on the head.

Nux vomica; first emetics, then brandy.

Oxalic acid (frequently mistaken for epsom salts); remedies—Chalk, magnesia or soap and water and other soothing drinks.

Prussic acid; when there is time, administer chlorine in the shape of soda or lime. Hot brandy and water, hartshorn and turpentine are also useful.

Snake bites, etc.; apply immediately strong hartshorn, and take it internally; also give sweet oil and stimulants freely; apply a ligature tight above the part bitten, and then apply a cupping-glass.

Tartaric Emetic; give large doses of tea made of galls, Peruvian barks or white oak barks.

Verdigris; plenty of white of eggs and water.

White vitriol; give the patient plenty of milk and water.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE BIBLE.

Read the following curious parallel between Shakespeare and the Bible. It will be found interesting:

Bible.—"But though I be rude in speech."—2 Cor., xi., 6.

Othello.—"Rude am I in speech."

Bible.—"Consume thine eyes and to grieve thine heart."—Samuel, ii., 35.

Macbeth.—"Show his eyes and grieve his heart."

Bible.—"Thou hast brought me into the dust of death."—Psalms.

Macbeth.—"Lighted fools the way to dusty death."

Bible.—"Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me."—Solomon's Song, i., 6.

Merchant of Venice.—"Mistake me not for my complexion, the shadowy livery of the burning sun."

Bible.—"I smote him; I caught him by the beard and smote him and slew him."—Samuel, xvii., 35.

Othello.—"I took him by the throat, the circumcized dog, and smote him."

Bible.—"Opened Job his mouth and cursed his day; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come unto the number of the months."—Job, iii., 1, 6.

Macbeth.—"May this accursed hour stand, aye, accursed in the calendar."

Bible.—"What is the man that thou art mindful of him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, thou has crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands."—Psalms, viii., 4, 5, 6.

Hamlet.—"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a God! The beauty of the world, the paragon of animals."

INTRODUCTION OF THE WALTZ.—No event ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the German waltz in 1813. Up to that time the English country dance, Scotch steps, and an occasional Highland reel, formed the school of the dancing-masters, and the evening recreation of the British youth even in the first circles. But peace was drawing near, foreigners were arriving, and the taste for Continental customs and manners became the order of the day. The young Duke of Devonshire, as the Magnus Apollo of the drawing rooms in London, was at the head of these innovations; and when the kitchen dance became exploded at Devonshire House, it could not long be expected to maintain its footing in less celebrated assemblies. In London fashion is or was everything. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings which had been dedicated to lounging in the park were now passed in practicing the figure of the French quadrille, and whirling a chair round the room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz.—*Rules.*

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Continued from page 383.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS attracted large audiences last week at their Opera-house, Philadelphia, presenting an unchanged programme. An original burlesque, entitled "The Rink," will be produced Feb. 18, with local scenery by W. J. Fetters.

CIRCUSES.

MONS. OSCAR, who brought several trained stallions to this country about a year ago, left the employment of P. T. Barnum & Co. about two weeks ago. He had a large quantity of show-paraphernalia stored in Barnum's stables, near 59th st., and on Feb. 14 Oscar and two companions attempted to remove this property. A. C. Berry and Ed. Farley, who had charge of the stables, not knowing whether the property belonged to Oscar or to the company, objected. Oscar struck Farley, and it is said that Farley gave him a sound thrashing. Farley and Berry were arrested, and on the 15th had a hearing, when the Justice discharged them both, saying that they had only done their duty.

LEW QUILLIN, clown and comical singer, trick tumbler, gymnast, leaper and double-somersault thrower, advertises for an engagement.

FRANK RIVERS, contortionist and tumbler, can be engaged by addressing as per card.

HENRI LE CLAIR, trapeze performer, etc., will travel with W. D. Stone's or Circus the coming season.

MLLE. VIOLA can be engaged as premiere equestrienne. See card.

WINGFIELD AND GREGORY publish a card thanking managers for offers of engagements, and stating that they are engaged with Sells Brothers' Circus for the coming season.

SAM LONG, clown and comic singer, advertises for an engagement. See card.

RICHARD HEMMING, tight-rope artist and ascensionist, desires an engagement to travel. See advertisement.

THE PRESENT WHEREABOUTS of George De Haven's Circus, supposed to be traveling in South Carolina, is eagerly desired by a well-known showman.

THE ORRIN BROTHERS' METROPOLITAN CIRCUS opened a season in Havana, Cuba, Feb. 1. Private advices of recent date state: "The house was crowded, and the show was a great success. The sale of tickets was enormous, the box office closed before the overture was commenced. The boxes and reserved seats were all disposed of some days prior to the opening. Every act was encored several times. Charles Frank, Gardner, the Kenebel Brothers, Romeo Sebastian, Mlle. Vellefleet, Herr Dratzo, Demonio and Herring and the Livingston Brothers were rapturously applauded. The weather is cool, and all the company are in excellent health."

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS is to show in Memphis, Tenn., for one week, beginning March 4. Harry C. Foster, advance agent, is now in that city, perfecting arrangements.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE recently closed an eighteen days' season in New Orleans and vicinity, where they are reported to have done a large business. They exhibited in Mobile, Ala., Feb. 12, 13, 14, Pensacola Fla., 15, 16, and are billed in Evergreen, Ala, 18, Greenville 19, Montgomery 20, 21, Opelika 22, Columbus, Ga., 23, Macon 25, Warrenton 26, Augusta 27, Yemans 28, Savannah March 1, 2, Charleston, S. C., 4, 5. L. B. Lent has been secured as railroad contracting agent; C. H. Scott, Jr., press agent; C. W. Ridder, general agent; Abe Ogden, chief of paste-brigade. The company have inaugurated the season of 1878, and will travel exclusively by rail.

AN AMERICAN CITIZEN of African descent will appear in the role of a circus-rider with the D. W. Stone show the coming season.

BAKER AND DEAGLE, who are believed to be traveling the South with the Great Eastern Circus, are requested to write to their parents in Buffalo, N. Y.

THOS. PENNINGER, who advertises, wants to rent a performing elephant and a den of four performing lions.

JAMES ROBINSON'S stud of horses, in charge of Oliver Dodge, an old-time rider, arrived from France in the steamship Amerique Feb. 15. Mr. Robinson is expected next week.

KIT CLARKE, the well-known circus agent and hall-show manager, is in this city.

FRED. LAWRENCE, press agent for P. T. Barnum, was in the city last week.

GEORGE FURSMAN and Doris have secured the privilege with Sells Bros.' Circus for the coming season.

A NUMBER of showmen leave New York Feb. 19 for Louisville, Ky., to attend the sale of Montgomery Queen's circus and menagerie, which takes place 21.

A. LEHMAN, clown, leaper, etc., advertises for an engagement for the season of 1878.

P. H. SEAMON, clown and comic vocalist, can be engaged. His address is published in our business department.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MRS. SARAH HARRISON recently presented to the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, a number of valuable paintings, including West's "Christ Rejected," and in appreciation of her liberality she was elected an honorary member of the Academy. She is the first lady the Academy ever conferred such an honor on.

MRS. A. BORST advertises her professional boarding-house.

NATIONAL HOUSE, Boston, Mass., is reported to be a favorite hotel with theatrical people, several of whom the proprietor refers to in his advertisement.

BAYARD TAYLOR is to lecture in the Brooklyn Academy of Music Feb. 26 on "Goethe."..... Alfred P. Burbank gave readings in the Lay College 13.

COL. INGERSOLL is to lecture on "Hell" in Troy, N. Y., Feb. 19.....Henry Ward Beecher on "Religion and Science" Feb. 25.

ALF BURNETT, Miss Helen Nash, Mme. Charlotte Varian and George Weeks gave their dime concerts at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, Feb. 11, 12, 13, including a matinee on the last-mentioned date; the attendance being fair.....Francis Murphy lectured on the "Beauties of a Temperative Life" at the Academy of Music Feb. 12.....Rev. George Dana Boardman delivered his sixth lecture upon "Creative Week" at Association Hall Feb. 12.....Prof. Elihu Thomason delivered Feb. 12, at the Franklin Institute, the closing lecture of his scientific course.....Prof. Edwin J. Houston lectured on "Elementary Physics," at Franklin Institute on Feb. 14.....Miss Prudie Cole gave dramatic readings at Association Hall Feb. 15.....Col. Robert Ingersoll will lecture on "Ghosts" at Horticultural Hall Feb. 18.....Gen. Judson Kilpatrick tells the story of "Sherman's March to the Sea" at the Academy of Music Feb. 18.....The Rev. A. A. Willits will lecture on "The Model Wife" at Institute Hall Feb. 19.....Wm. Ethelbert Easby will give his dramatic readings at Concert Hall for two weeks, commencing Feb. 25.....Wm. Carleton, in his new entertainment, "Hibernia," failed to appear at the Arch-street Opera-house, as announced, for the week commencing Feb. 11.....The Permanent Exhibition continues open, with no special feature of attraction. The building, which cost $1,250,000, can be secured to the company if $40,000 is raised to pay the debt due to the Centennial Board of Finance. The creditors have taken stock in the Exhibition Company to the amount of $64,000. An auction sale of unclaimed merchandise was made Feb. 16.

A THEATRICAL WARDROBE is offered for sale by M. Tillson, who advertises.

PARTIES desiring a cheap canvas, suitable for a sideshow, are requested to address "Dentist," as per card.

PROFS. GOLDBERG AND ROLTAIR advertise to furnish everything in the way of magical goods. They also teach everything appertaining to magic.

A VARIETY entertainment for the benefit of the families left destitute by the loss of the fishing schooner Little Kate will be given at Wait's Hall, Boston, Mass., on Feb. 25.....at W. T. W. Ball, a former journalist of this city, will give a recitation of "Macbeth" at Tremont Temple next month.....Professor Cadwell the ventriloquist has drawn large audiences at Beethoven Hall the past week.....He remains another week.....Dr. James L. Farley gave a reading before Post 15, G. A. R., at Union Hall 15.

THE BELVIDERE, a theatre in Central City, Colorado, is advertised to rent.

C. A. POTTER, advance or programme agent, who has been with many prominent parties, desires an engagement. See card.

WM. T. SHERMAN, scene-painter, publishes his address in this issue.

IF THOMAS CLARKE, who left Columbus, Ont., twenty-eight years ago, and who is supposed to be in the show-business, should see this item, he is requested to communicate with his sister, Mrs. George Coolidge, Columbus Post-office, Ont.

SIGNOR LA RANDO, magician, who gave performances in Tunkhannock, Pa., Feb. 15, 16, is to be in Montrose 18, 19.

BALABREGA, boy magician, and Signor Giovanni, musical glasses and performing canaries, were in Bridgeport, Conn., Feb. 15, 16. They open in Boston, Mass., 18, for one week.

ROBT. HOUDON, whose address find elsewhere, offers to mail an expose of any trick or magical illusion for a small sum.

HON. E. S. FOX will lecture on "Irish Humor" in Wheeling, W. Va., Feb. 19.

LIVING CURIOSITIES, comprising the Leopard Boy and wild people, with Signor Lowandi, the man with the iron jaw, and the Australian wizard were on exhibition in Paterson, N. J., the past week, to good business.

WENDELL PHILLIPS is announced to lecture in Bridgeport, Ct., Feb. 21.

PROF. A. A. CECIL, spiritualism exposer, performed in Hoosick Falls, N. Y., Feb. 11, 12, Williamstown 13, South Adams 14, North Adams 15, 16, and is billed in Auburne Falls 18, 19, Montague 20, 21, Orange 22, 23.

PROF. QUEEN'S COMBINATION will be at Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 19, Plympton 20, Halifax 22. A good set of marionettes are wanted for this company. See card.

L. M. W. STEERE, advance-agent, publishes his address in another column.

A BUSINESS-MANAGER of experience advertises that he would like to take charge of an opera-house or theatre.

THE WASHINGTON HOTEL, Providence, R. I., publishes its rates and other particulars in another column. Messrs. Pierce & Metchear give a list of professionals who recommend the house to all traveling companies.

MASTER G. PAUL SMITH is giving entertainments, consisting of readings, recitations and imitations of well-known actors, in the small towns of New Jersey, and is billed as being under the management of H. E. Abbey. Manager Abbey of the Grand Opera House, N. Y., who bears the same name, requests us to state that he is in no way connected with these entertainments.

VOCALISTS and others seeking popular songs, with orchestral parts, are referred to Krakauer Bros.' Card.

THE ATTENTION of showmen is directed to the advertisement of "Fortune," wherein he offers a traveling entertainment for sale at a great sacrifice.

PARTIES can be taught the trapeze, somersaults, etc., by Ripley. See card.

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COLORED FIRES, wigs, etc., can be had of George S. Thurber, who advertises.

AMATEUR.

"URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS" and "High C" were given at Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Feb. 13 by amateurs of the B. Y. M. C. Union.....The Ebus Dramatic Company give a performance at Lyceum Hall, East Boston, 22, consisting of "Friend on Foot," "Red Riding Hood's Rescue," a juvenile operetta, and "Servants by Legacy," by the Shiel Literary Association, are to be given at Beethoven Hall 21 for the benefit of the poor.....The Kean Dramatic Club appear in "The Widow's Victim" and "Uncle Dan'l" at the Faulkner benefit.....The McCullough Dramatic Company appear at the Germania Theatre in "Damon and Pythias."

THE SAENGERBUND SOCIETY of Philadelphia performed the opera entitled "Liedertafel in China," Feb. 11, at Maennerchor Hall.....Bombastes Furioso" was performed at the Amateur Drawing-room Feb. 13.....Macbeth" was produced by the Wheatley Dramatic Association Feb. 13, with C. A. James in the title-role.....The Mirror Dramatic Association gave a performance of "Our Boys" Feb. 14, by permission of Messrs. Gemmell, Scott & Co. of the Chestnut-street Theatre.

UNDER THE auspices of the Nereid Boat Club, Brougham's burlesque of "Shylock" was produced Feb. 15 at the Brooklyn Academy of Music before a large audience.....Cinderella" was repeated 14 at the Academy, under direction of C. H. Rivers.

CINCINNATI ITEMS.—The Clio Club gave a benefit to the family of the murdered policeman, Martin Kunkel, at Pike's Opera-house 12 and matinee 13. Both houses were packed, the price having sold 4,500 tickets. The programme consisted of "The Rent Day" and "The Boston Dip."..... The Davenport Brothers played for the Verdict" 14 in very nice style; "The Honeymoon" 21.

THE BAZAR MINSTRELS, an amateur organization, played in Powers' Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., Feb. 11, for the benefit of Grace Church. The quartet, consisting of J. E. Townbridge, H. Covell, O. A. Field, and H. Neahr, was very good.

THE KNICKERBOCKER DRAMATIC CLUB (colored) performed "Damon and Pythias" in Lyric Hall, this city, Feb. 12.

"LED ASTRAY" is to be performed Feb. 18 in the Memphis (Tenn.) Theatre, for the benefit of Mrs. Rose P. Thompson, with that lady in one of the leading characters, and at the same time a young society lady is to make her debut.

THE AFRICAN BROTHERS' MINSTRELS (colored) are actively preparing to perform during Mardi Gras week (March 4) in Memphis, Tenn. Sam Ager is their manager.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

LITTLE WILLIE WEBB, "the baby actor," aged six years and three months, died in Goerletz, Germany, Jan. 26.

E. ROURKE, comedian, died at Gloucester, Eng., Jan. 26, aged seventy-one.

KARL BRAUER, manager of the theatres of Metz and Ulm, Germany, has committed suicide.

W. G. WILLS is writing a new play for Miss Wallis.

THE GERMAN dramatic authors are indignant at an "ukase" of Herr Von Huelsen, the "Intendant" or Royal Commissioner of the Government Theatres, according to which no new piece first played at any of the private theatres in Berlin shall be performed at the royal theatres of Hanover, Kassel, or Weisbaden.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY of Karl Von Holtei, the dramatic author, has been celebrated all over Germany by performances of his plays.

A DRAMATIC PARODY on "Diplomacy," entitled "Dora's Diplomacy, or the Wonder of Scents," has been written by F. C. Burnand.

"THE COURIER OF LYONS" has been revived at the Ambigu Theatre, Paris, with Lacressoniere, Alexandre and Paulin Menier in their original parts.

MADAME CHERUBI-BAZZO, who played the leading female parts during Signor Salvini's recent engagement in Paris, died there Jan. 29. She expired in great agony, after undergoing a painful operation. Deceased was but twenty-two years of age, and possessed great personal attractions.

SIGNOR ERNESTO ROSSI has been performing to big business at the Teatro Armonico, Trieste.

"JOHANNESTRIEBEN" ("Midsummer Shoots"), a new play by Paul Lindau, was recently first acted at Dessau, Germany. Harold, a young savant, is engaged to a young girl, but, being considered too young to marry, starts on a two years' tour round the world. His death being announced, the lady ultimately marries Eberhard, a friend of Harold's, who ignores his wife's previous attachment. His sudden announcement of Harold's escape and return kills the wife. Harold, who on landing at Marseilles hears of his betrothed's marriage, embarks again in despair. The piece opens on his return many years afterwards, when he discovers in Eberhard's daughter the very counterpart of his lost love. The still young botanist woos and wins the maiden, to whom he explains how many plants whose shoots are killed from frost in Spring-time will again bloom at midsummer.

"THE DEAD FISH," the comedy which obtained the second prize at the last competition in Vienna, Austria, was recently presented at the Stadt Theatre, in that city, but met with an unfavorable reception. The piece plays at the Court of James the First, and embodies an anecdote connected with the scientific club founded by that sovereign. The problem, why a dead fish weighs more heavily than a live one, is ultimately solved by the Court-jester, who declares that the learned society made a mistake in propounding the question at all, as the defunct animal actually loses in weight.

DURING the month of December the total receipts of all the Paris theatres were, it is stated, upwards of $260,000; of this more than $30,000 was taken by the Grand Opera, and nearly $40,000 by the Francais.

MUSICAL.

MR. HEAD has secured "Le Petit Duc," the latest success in Paris, for the Philharmonic, London.

THE SIX WEEKS' Italian opera season at Madrid, Spain, in honor of the royal wedding, was inaugurated with "Faust," the cast including Gayarre, Padilla, Minetti, Mephistopheles, Mme. Lucca, and Mlle. Christine Orty, a young Viennese, as Siebel, Signor Arditi being the conductor.

THE DEATHS are announced—at Paris, of Edmund Mayaud, ex-secretary of the Society of Composers and Publishers of Music; at Geneva, of Luigi Venzano, violoncellist and composer; at Marostica, of Jacopo Cabianca, the librettist, aged 60; at Trieste, of Francesco Camerori, the author of "Funerali e Danza," and of Burlini, ex-impresario of the Comunale; at Turin, of Venanzio, a dancer; at Naples, of Ernesto Portaluppi, ex-organist at Milan Cathedral, aged 39; at Piacenza, of Paola Montagut, the orchestral director; at Genoa, of Mascalchini, aged 65, ex-opera manager; at Berlin, of Wilhelm Schwartz, author of a manual of singing; at Milan, of Giacomo Martinelli, proprietor of the Teatro Carcano, aged 64, and of the ex-impresario Pietro Morosini, aged 68; at Turin of Prof. Gianolio; and at Trieste, of the harpist Torcella, aged 27.

A NEW OPERA, "The Officers of the Empress," by Richard Wagner, has failed at the Berlin Opera.

HERR TYNAZ BRULL, the young German composer, is about to make his debut as a pianist in London.

VARIETY HALLS.

GOODRICH AND CURTIS, skaters; Sidney Terry, "the American virtuoso," and the Mathews-Gregory company of gymnasts were at Dawzer's Orpheum, Vienna, Austria, Jan. 26.

THE GIBARDS are performing in London.

THE FRANK GILLETT and the Dare Brothers are at the Royal Aquarium, London.

THOS. HORWOOD of the Horwood Brothers, "Musical Black Clowns," died at Manchester, Eng., Jan. 30.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EDWARD SHELDON of Sheldon & Sons, billposters, Leeds and Bradford, Eng., died Jan. 27, aged fifty-eight. He was one of the founders of the Billposters' Association, and several times filled with credit the offices of president and secretary of that now important institution.

THE BROTHERS COOKE—John Henry, Harry Welby and Alfred Eugene—circus proprietors, were on Jan. 29 entertained at dinner in the Palace Hotel, Aberdeen, Scotland, by gentlemen representing the professions and commercial interests of that city.

AMUSEMENTS.

BOOTH'S THEATRE.
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
JARRETT & PALMER'S
SUPERB SPECTACULAR OFFERING OF
UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.
The world's greatest effort at a proper production of the touching moral and religious drama.
SUPERB NEW SCENERY
OLD-TIME MUSIC
A NEW TOPSY.
A NEW EVA.
A NEW UNCLE TOM.
The drama, with all its marvelous features, will be given every night this week, on WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (matinee and evening), and on SATURDAY afternoon and evening.
POPULAR PRICES.—Admission, 50cts.; Reserved Seats in Orchestra, Orchestra Circle and Balcony, 50cts. extra; Dress-circle tickets, 50cts.; Family Circle, 25cts. 48-1t

PARK THEATRE, BROADWAY.
HENRY E. ABBEY.....Lessee and Manager
LAST WEEK
of
Mr. SHANNON'S
very successful comedy,
CHAMPAGNE AND OYSTERS
(El 3s. 6d.),
which must be withdrawn in the height of its success to afford Messrs. FRANK MORDAUNT and CHARLES BARNARD, who bears the same name, requests us to state that he is in no way connected with these entertainments.
VOCALISTS and others seeking popular songs, with orchestral parts, are referred to KRAKAUER BROS.' Card.
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48-1t

HARRY MINER'S AMERICAN,
443 AND 445 THIRD AVENUE,
BETWEEN THIRTIETH AND THIRTY-FIRST STREETS.
OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
Artists wishing two, four, six or eight weeks, please address as above. 33-tf

VOLKS' GARDEN
199 BOWERY. 201
LONDON MUSIC HALL OF AMERICA
OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.
MRS. PAUL FALK.....Proprietress
WM. T. GIESELBERG.....Manager
SIG. CONSTANTINE.....Stage-manager
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS VARIETY TALENT
IN ALL BRANCHES.
none others accepted after the first night. Business must be sent in one week in advance. All serial artists must have a net. Address SIG. CHAS. CONSTANTINE.
41-1t*-tf

THE GREAT LONDON MUSIC HALL
MOZART GARDEN!
COR. SMITH AND FULTON STREETS, BROOKLYN.
SEATING CAPACITY, 4,000.
A. R. SAMUELS.....Manager
Immediate openings for good lady specialists. Address as above. N. B.—All letters answered. 47-2t*

THE LONDON,
235 AND 237 BOWERY,
OPPOSITE PRINCE STREET.
THEATRE OPEN
ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
Artists wishing one or two weeks, please address as above. ARTISTS OF ABILITY AND REPUTATION WILL DO WELL TO APPLY AT ONCE FOR DATES. 32-tf

HARRY MINER'S AMERICAN,
443 AND 445 THIRD AVENUE,
BETWEEN THIRTIETH AND THIRTY-FIRST STREETS.
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ABERLE'S
TIVOLI THEATRE,
Eighth st., bet. Second and Third avs.
THE LARGEST AND BEST VARIETY COMPANY IN THE CITY.
75 First-class Stars. 75
BALLET, OLIO,
GYMNASTICS, PANTOMIME.
THE ONLY
LEGITIMATE MUSIC HALL
NONE BUT
RECOGNIZED ARTISTS EMPLOYED.
PERFORMERS DESIRING ENGAGEMENTS,
48-1t ADDRESS AS ABOVE.

PARK THEATRE.
SPECIAL NOTICE.
Mr. ABBEY informs the public that during the occupancy of this establishment by Messrs. Richman and Crane THE REGULAR COMEDY COMPANY,
inclusive of Messrs. James Lewis, W. J. Lemoyne, Wm. H. Bailey, Ben Maginley, J. G. Saville and Miss Minnie Palmer, will visit a few of the important cities with the TWO COMEDY SUCCESSES OF THIS THEATRE,
BABY!
and
CHAMPAGNE AND OYSTERS!
(El 3s. 6d.)
under the direction of Mr. Thos. B. MacDonough and John R. Schoeffel, commencing at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Monday, Feb. 25, in CHAMPAGNE AND OYSTERS, returning to the Park at the close of Robson and Crane's engagement in a new comedy entitled
OUR ALDERMEN.
HENRY E. ABBEY.
Managers desiring to play the above organization may address the undersigned for dates, terms, etc., at the Park Theatre up to Feb. 22.
48-1t THOMAS B. MACDONOUGH.

SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS.
OPERA-HOUSE, BROADWAY AND 30TH STREET.
BIRCH, WAMBOLD AND BACKUS.
THE FAMILY RESORT.
Great success of Thatcher's new piece,
THE TWO TRAMPS.
Stanley's African Dwarf Kahula.
WALKING FOR A WIFE.
received with thunders of applause and roars of laughter nightly. Extra matinee Washington's Birthday.
Seats secured. Matinee Saturday at 2. 48-1t*

THEATRE COMIQUE, 514 Broadway.
HARRIGAN & HART.....Proprietors
M. W. HANLEY.....Manager
HARRIGAN AND HART in a new and original Irish melodrama, written by Edward Harrigan, entitled THE LONGAIRS, OR THE MURDER AT THE BLACK ROCK. KELLY and RYAN, the Bard of Avon, QUILLER and GOLDRICH in original songs-and-dances. NULLY PIERIS, operatic vocalist. J. W. McANDREWS, the original Watermelon-man. SAM HASTLIS, with his Lilliputian wonders. EUGENE BLITZ in his facial entertainment. KITTY O'NEIL in her character dances. JOHN WILD in a new sketch. WILL H. MORTON, the refined sensation comique. CLARA MOORE, the queen of song. THE SANYRAHS, Samuel and Maud. The popular favorites BILLY GRAY AND JOHNNY SHAY.
GRAND EXTRA MATINEE,
WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY, AT 2 P. M.
POPULAR PRICES—15c., 25c., 50c. and 75c. Regular Matinees, Wednesday and Saturday. 48 1t

TONY PASTOR'S.
TONY PASTOR'S
THE LEGITIMATE

TO MY BOARDING MISTRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Dear madam, by post came your letter,
And I bet an old hat that it would;
But really I thought you knew better
Than to dun when I'd pay if I could;
Of course I knew you regretted
My money was fearfully low—
I thought that the reason you fretted,
And so I concluded to go.

I suspect that my trunk has been broken
In order to see what I left;
(Excuse me, I ought to have spoken
You could easily tell by the heft.)
One collar—I'm sure it was paper—
Two stockings well worn at the heel
(Excuse me, it was a rough caper,
And I know how the boarders all feel).

But I fear you are anxious, dear madam,
To know how I smuggled my clothes,
For I heard you remarked that you had 'em
As well as myself, if you chose.
'Twas the night that you went to see Barrett
Play Cassius (I've since seen the show);
Well, the house from cellar to garret
Was deserted of boarders—and so.

Tell my room-mate I hope I'm forgiven
For selling his coat on that day,
And I'll make it all right if in heaven
We happen to journey that way;
I had "sized up" the new boarder's lucre,
And I knew if I made the coat low
I could sell it and he stand the euchre,
As my room-mate would claim it, you know.

Tell Jennie, "my mash" at the table,
Whose vision is dimmed by a blur,
That after I'm settled and able
I'll pay what I borrowed from her;
Tell Brown, who always was chinning,
And always got everything wrong,
That once I was happy in sinning
When I put his gold watch into pawn.

You see, I had to have money—
One needs it to ride on the cars
As much as a bee needs its honey,
Or a ship its rigging and spars.
That is the reason I borrowed,
And pawned, and sold as you see;
Still I'm sorry so many I sorrowed,
Yet happy to know I am free.

Good-bye—I'm off soon for "Frisco,"
I think I may stay a while there,
For I know it isn't a risk so
Long as a hundred's the fare.
Please burn this after you've read it,
My errors you'll quicker forget;
And for the ashes please give me credit,
As that's all you ever will get.

OSCAR B. BEERS.

THE GREEN CURTAIN:
A STORY OF THEATRICAL LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

CHAPTER IX.—THE RECEPTION AND BALL.

The drama was now in its eighth week, and everybody interested in it radiant, except one—the author. His gloom was continual. He sometimes tried resources to dissipate it which his better instincts condemned with loathing and horror, but weaker moods again betrayed him. He experienced an antipathy towards the theatre, and yet could not remain away. Rose was there, and, unhappily, it had come to this—he could think of nothing but Rose. Now and then he had a brief conversation with her, but very brief, for he could not but perceive that she wished to avoid him. Between himself and M. Foinard matters were rapidly culminating to the point of danger, for they no longer exchanged the ordinary courtesy of a bow. It was only when Foinard was absent upon one of those filial visits he periodically made to his mother in the country that Leslie was enabled to speak with Rose at all without greatly distressing her, and even then this was accomplished by strategy alone. A humiliating position, this, and no man knew it better than Leslie Thorne, but the demon of the perverse possessed him and governed with a rod of iron.

There was of course gossip. Malice and scandal rule in theatrical society, unhappily, as well as elsewhere, and things were sometimes painfully magnified. Leslie had throughout all one friend—honest Felix O'Grady, who occasionally spoke his mind.

One day he came to him with the unmistakable air of a man who has news. He approached his subject, however, a little circuitously.

"My boy, you are playing the fool," he said, by way of easy introduction.

"I am perfectly aware of it, O'Grady."

"You are dying for love of another man's wife, which is about the silliest thing a man of sinse can be guilty of. Do you remember Roderigo in the play? Now, I dare say you think there was a rare simpleton. How beautifully Shakespeare—God bless him!—holds him up to ridicule! How wonderfully he contrasts his foolish nature with the cold, intellectual character of Iago! Many a time have I laughed till me sides ached at poor Roderigo; but, bedad, I niver expected to mate him in rale life."

Leslie winced. Mighty is the power of ridicule.

"You speak rather freely, O'Grady, even for an old friend," he said, secretly vexed, and, indeed, angry.

"It is the privilege of an old friend to tell the truth, however unwelcome, and I needn't remind you of that. I am sorry for you, Leslie, and I'd like to—to do you a service if I could."

"The best service you can do will be to let me manage my affairs in my own way."

"Indade, I differ with you there. Now look at your position—hopelessly in love with this lady, whom you make very unhappy, who has a husband as jealous as a Turk, and to whom while he lives you can never be anything more than what you are. Why, the fellow has positively taken a dislike to me, because I am known to be a friend of yours. He scarcely speaks to me of late."

"That is no great loss, I should think."

"Nor did I say so; but it places me in a delicate situation, don't you see? At this moment I am engaged in something I am ashamed of, and if I didn't believe it would lead to good results—as it will unless you have lost your common sinse entirely—I wouldn't have anything to do with it."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, Madame Foinard has sent you a note."

With a quizzical smile he produced the dainty missive and held it temptingly between his thick thumb and forefinger. Leslie attempted to seize it instantly; but his friend adroitly prevented this abrupt confiscation.

"She trusted it to me, because she had confidence, she said, in my fidelity to both your interests and hers, and I undertook the mission of delivering it only because I believed I should be serving both those interests. And now you may read."

It was brief, but pregnant with a melancholy significance. She implored him never to speak to her again. Their acquaintance, so far as outward appearance went, must end absolutely. Something of a dreadful unhappiness she hinted, of her husband's insane jealousy, and of the general gossip, and closed by reiterating, in the tone of one almost in despair, the request—the command—never to address one word to her more. Few were these lines, and very incoherent; but Leslie read them until they seemed to be branded upon his retina. His heart was contracted with an agonizing pain, and for an instant he seemed to be on the point of fainting.

O'Grady under a rough exterior hid, like so many of his race, a kind heart, and took Leslie's hand in his own honest grasp and said:

"Don't give way like this, my boy. Cheer up! It was bound to come in time, and better sooner than later."

Yes; it had come. The blow had fallen.

"What am I to do, O'Grady?" he asked huskily. "I dreaded this, and tried to prepare myself for it—thought I was prepared—but you see how much I was mistaken. What am I to do? This is shipwreck."

"Well, take to the boats and make for the shore," replied the journalist promptly.

"You mean go away?"

"That's just it."

"I'll do it!" returned Leslie resolutely. "I can make all the preparations I need in a week."

"To be sure you can. Go to London and take your play with you. Localize it for that latitude, and have it brought out. The trouble you'll have in getting an opening at one of the theatres there will be excitement for you; but you'll succeed in the end, if you persevere, and your piece will have as long a run as it is in for here. When it is safely on the track, under a full head of steam, leave London and make the Brown, Jones and Robinson tour."

"A glorious idea! What a fellow you are! Poor Rose will have peace then, I hope," he added with a sigh. "She deserves it, for I have given her a great deal of trouble. But I assure you, O'Grady, it was awful with me when I met her for the first time after one long separation, finding her the wife of another and instantly conscious that the old love of years before had not died within me. It was torture—such misery as, I pray to Heaven, old fellow, you may never know."

"Your prayer will be answered," replied O'Grady comfortably. "My days of folly are over, my friend, and I have anchored my affections where they are safe. I shall never love anything but my dinner henceforth. With me the heart and digestion are one."

"Well," said Leslie, hesitating a little; "there is just one thing else—I must answer this letter."

"There's not the slightest necessity. Your conduct will answer sufficient—that is, entire compliance with her request."

"But I am going away, and she will feel so much relieved to know it."

"Well, I'll put it as an item in the 'Personal Paragraphs' of *The Tripod*, where she will see it to-morrow morning and will understand perfectly."

"That will not do. I must write her a line—only one."

"I really can't take it to her. I won't be the medium of a correspondence. I promised her I wouldn't."

"Very well," said Leslie, much annoyed. "You cannot reasonably expect me to make the sacrifice *I* have agreed to."

O'Grady was one of those diplomatic physicians who know how to humor a patient, when to be firm and when to yield. He was also an adept in that clever game known as whipping a certain personage around the stump.

"A letter I will not carry," he repeated emphatically; "but listen to me—you are aware that Mrs. Potworth, the fashionable amateur, has a reception and German to-night."

"Yes."

"Rose will be there, and I intend to present her with a bouquet. Suppose you select one for me."

O'Grady watched him with a countenance in which there was not the trace of a smile. Leslie was puzzled for an instant; but, like a flash, his friend's meaning broke upon him.

"I am a connoisseur in bouquets," he replied with alacrity. "You are right to leave the selection to me."

It is well said by one of the characters in a drama by Meilhac and Halevy "that the greatest folly of a fashionable woman is to appear on the stage, the next to the greatest folly is to wish herself there, and the folly before that is to take part in private theatricals."

Mrs. Potiphar Potworth was thought by some to be the most beautiful woman in New York. Her husband was enormously rich, and indulged her in every way, and yet she was wretched. She longed to be an actress. Could her fate have been altered and she been forced to choose between her present position, with its advantages of money, fashion, luxury and glare, and that of walking lady at the theatre, toiling for a pittance of thirty dollars a week, Mrs. Potworth would, after very little hesitation, have selected the latter fate. The brightness of the footlights had the same attraction for her that the glitter of a candle has for the insect. Acting was a mania with her, and she never had a thought, day or night, but the stage. Amateur dramatics for some time served as an outlet for this frenzy. Potiphar Potworth turned his rear drawing-rooms into a theatre, filled them with every necessary appliance to make them look like the real thing, regardless of cost, and for an entire Winter saw more plays than he had ever witnessed before in the whole course of his life. Three times a week his wife appeared to crowded and applauding houses, who appreciated her acting thoroughly, and her wine and refreshments still more. The other three secular nights were spent in rehearsing the performances, and the remaining night to talking about them.

Potiphar Potworth had married his young wife without knowing much about theatres or dramatic literature. His memory of the actors and plays he had seen was very dim, and, in fact, there was hardly any subject in the vast range of human thought in which he took less interest. But his spouse soon enlarged his ideas. Morning, noon and night he heard of nothing but entrances and exits, situations, right and left corners, doors in flat, practicable windows, traps, flies, borders, prompt-side and proscenium, and similar unintelligible jargon, until his head ached with bewilderment. His house was continually overrun with carpenters, and the racket of their hammering and sawing was distracting. The smell of paint pervaded the establishment from top to bottom. Whenever he met his wife she had a book or manuscript in her hand, and was muttering something over and over to herself, and seemed to be perfectly unconscious of his existence. He did not interfere with any of these things, however, for he loved her, and was pleased to see that they made her happy; and so her private dramatics prospered.

Such constant practice really made beautiful Mrs. Potworth a very clever actress, and her friends were not slow to inform her of the fact, of which by-the-bye, she had already some suspicion. And as they say wine leads to brandy, and brandy to absinthe, so wishing to act leads to private theatricals, and private theatricals to the real stage. She began to grieve for entrance into that paradise of which as yet she knew only by report. The imitation theatre had palled upon her sense, and she craved the fiercer stimulant.

Dazzling, bewildering, seemed that world behind the curtain; its inhabitants the beings of some superior planet. Mrs. Potworth admired with ecstasy the radiance she saw only from a distance. How she envied the beautiful Fanny Bridgeport, with all New York at her feet! What would she not give to exchange fates with the gifted Clarisse Morton! Ah, they *lived!*

We have often heard professional people complain that, like the gipsies, they are homeless, and that fate has denied them the serene domestic happiness which those who follow other pursuits enjoy. But is there not compensation in that cosmopolitanism which is the peculiar feature of theatrical life? With them, it would seem, home is everywhere—or should be. Mrs. Potworth loved travel and incessant change of scene, and the idea of darting meteor-like from place to place, dazzling all, fascinated her.

She proposed adopting the stage to her husband; but here old Potiphar Potworth, who thought he had already allowed ample room and verge, distinctly drew the line. He had learned something of the stage and its votaries by this time, and he said:

"Acting as an amusement and acting as a business are two different things. I have talked with actors, and they do not respect people who have no motive for entering their guild but a craving for excitement, and who assume at once a position which has cost them years of struggle and toil to reach. *Play* at playing as much as you please; but nothing beyond that."

His wife pouted and sulked; but he had a will of his own, when he chose, which there was no gainsaying. She saw this, and made the best of it—gaining her point, partially, in a diplomatic way. She continued to get an introduction to theatrical society, and gave those who comprised it frequent receptions and similar entertainments, and mingled among them so much that her excitable fancy led her to believe she was one of their number.

The festivity to which Felix O'Grady had been invited was one of these. The hour was late when he arrived, and crowded were Mrs. Potworth's handsome parlors, and music was rising with its voluptuous swell. Brilliant was the scene, and Mr. O'Grady lingered at the door a moment to study it. He had got himself up in all the splendor of full dress, and armed with his bouquet, which Leslie had spent the afternoon in selecting, the journalist presented a gorgeous appearance. With an amused and perhaps somewhat cynical smile he leaned against the door and watched the gay throng as it moved to and fro. Few were the faces he failed to recognize. All the notabilities were here, and he had hardly a doubt that Rose Aylmer made one of the number; but as yet his eye had not discovered her.

CHAPTER X.—THE BOUQUET.

A ball is like a battle, and as a whole cannot be described. It must be broken up into separate scenes. He who takes part, or merely observes, knows very little of what goes on except in his own vicinity. So mused Felix O'Grady, standing at his post of inspection, not much noticed himself, but sharply scrutinizing everything. Across the fragrance of his huge bouquet he sometimes smiled and nodded to a friend whom his keen military eye singled out among the listless procession that passed in review.

Thus he distinguished the facetious Mr. Austral, arm-in-arm with Billy Follonsby, famous as himself and his bosom friend. Billy was in great force to-night. Every paper in the land had contained that day an account of the suicidal attempt of a beautiful young lady who had jumped from a fourth story—but providentially into Mr. Follonsby's arms, who was passing, and had risked his life in offering this forlorn hope. Billy was good-looking and attractive, and I dare say many another young lady would have been more than half willing to leap into his arms, even from a fourth story. Yet sternly moral also was Mr. Follonsby—thoroughly married and mated—and never known to have had even a platonic love outside that which the altar had blessed; and, therefore, his arms were like Richelieu's when Julia took refuge there—a safe sanctuary. We must reluctantly explain, however, that this wonderful narrative was purely fictitious, and the handsome young lady a myth—alas! merely an advertising device, over which the hero and his friend Austral had enjoyed a day's laughter.

These gentlemen were still chuckling, perhaps at the recollection of this very joke—for such a capital bit of attic humor will go a long way—when they spied our friend O'Grady. They liked journalists, and never missed shaking a hand that controlled a column of Personal Paragraphs, and so, stepping from the herd, they lounged towards that man with the bouquet.

"Salaam abakum!" said Mr. Austral in the language of Armenia. "My dear boy, you have the whole garden of Eden in your grasp. Bismallah! How fearfully and wonderfully made! What do you intend to do with it?"

Austral had a pleasant voice, and that sweet, inimitable, high-bred drawl which one must be born with or acquire only in the London clubs. He was the friend of lords, happy man! Was not his son named after the Earl Hawkington of Nobworth, that gifted peer whose works will never die? Yet was not his wonderful dramatic success founded entirely upon his marvelously natural portrayal of the amiable peculiarities of another peer—Lord Lumbleary? Some people might have thought this stage silhouette a caricature; but be that as it might, nothing could have pleased everybody more, or the aristocracy so much.

"Bedad, O'Grady, you're a perambulating conservatory," said Follonsby, who had once been an Irish comedian, and still affected the least taste in the world of the brogue. "Here's odor by the tankful. It would take a nose like Lucy Vavasour's to inhale all that fragrance at once. And whom is it for, Felix, dear? Now that poor Miss Lucy is gone, there is no other nose in creation with capacity for a bouquet like this."

"Never you mind, Billy, my boy," said Felix, not, perhaps, wishing this badinage. "Who is here to-night?"

"All the world, of course. Papa Potworth's hundred thousand bosom friends, not ten of whom he knows by sight anywhere. But they drink his wine and eat his supper, all the same."

"And make love to his wife, all except Billy and me," added Austral. "I suppose you intend to throw yourself and that bouquet at her pretty feet, with the rest."

"No; I am out of the wholesale trade now. I say, isn't that Ned Sunderland scowling at vacancy by the window?"

"Yes; and he looks so pleased at the approach of the fair Miss Lullington, who bears down upon him like a privateer, and pretends he doesn't see her. How slender and fragile she is!"

"Aye," said Billy, "fragile indeed—even *frail*. I've heard she has a tendresse for Ned, lately developed—and he is the thousand and second, if there is any truth in the recorded statistics."

"And at his age!" gulped O'Grady with astonishment. "And does he respond?"

"Not altogether. Ned always stuck to the legitimate, you know, and would rather do 'Hamlet' to twenty dollars than anything sensational to twenty hundred. Apropos, she was his Ophelia when the penchant was ignited."

"By Jove! there's La Belle Brandingham just arrived. Oh, that mouth! The cave in 'Cymbeline'—a stalactite cave full of corals and pearls and gold!"

"And silver-plate, and the best chinaware procurable at the dental depot."

"Be charitable, ye merciless spalpeens!" cried O'Grady. "Have some respect for—for—"

"For age," suggested a silvery voice behind the journalist. "I know you are talking of Miss Brandingham. Intuition tells me that whenever I hear anyone asking for charity it is for dear Miss Brandingham. She needs all you can give her."

The newcomer was a very pretty young lady attached to one of the Broadway theatres as soubrette—Miss Blanche Chelton.

"Now, now, indade you are too hard on the beautiful Brandingham," protested O'Grady vigorously. "She is a handsome and accomplished woman. She speaks several languages, plays on the piano like an angel, and paints like an old master."

"Or an old mistress," said Austral.

"And how could you do Shakespeare 'ustice without her?"

"Do him without her."

"And where would you find real hair like hers?"

"Her imitation is far superior, I grant you. Look how she smiles at John Redmond. He winks in the blinding glare, not being accustomed to lightning, and allows himself to be absorbed in the crowd!"

"And what a crowd it is!" cried Miss Chelton. "How much money is in the house, Mr. Follonsby?—you're a crack financier, I believe, and accustomed to counting noses."

"It is all paper to-night," said Billy. "I only go in for a solid currency—the 'Mighty Dollar,' in gold."

"Well," said O'Grady, making his way out of this group, "to save me morals from further corruption, I'll be for leaving you. Your scandalous gossip is painful to listen to, and demoralizing to the better feelings of human nature. My own character I leave behind, and Heaven help it!"

He elbowed his way out with a smile; but, free again, his face darkened with an anxious look. A crowd, indeed, it was, as the little soubrette had said—a mob. Stormily the music crashed over the heads of this perfumed and silken throng; smiling faces and tinkling small talk, radiant good humor everywhere. Hearts are aching somewhere in the world, no doubt; but surely not here.

O'Grady and his double-barreled bouquet press onward still. Now and then he gets a poke in the side from a friend. This gentleman who now seizes his disengaged hand is Lanty Barnett the tragedian, famous for his portrayal of the lean and hungry Cassius. Clever and popular he is, and one of Mrs. Potworth's best friends. Not far in the rear stalks another tragedian—a rising man. He has been rising these forty years, and has grown gray and a little gouty at it; but honest Tom Tredwell still has abundance of faith in his future, which is shared by a number of acquaintances who grew up with him. You always see his name in the provincial playbills when he goes off somewhere for a fortnight's engagement as the "eminent young actor." And he is young, and will always be. He does Romeo or Claude better than he did either at twenty-five, although he whistles the lines through his teeth now, and cannot recollect the text quite as well as he once could. Some of his ideas do not entirely accord with those of a new generation which has sprung up, to his bewilderment, around him. He likes the old style of plays and stage business, such as were in vogue when he served his apprenticeship—the poetical dramas of the Sheridan Knowles type, with plenty of long speeches in musical blank verse, and much crossing and recrossing. When two people have a dialogue nowadays, one lounges before the fire, leaning on the mantelpiece, while the other is stretched at full length on a sofa. This is shockingly unnatural to Tom. In his early youth it was taught that each character should get a chair and bring it down to the footlights, when the speeches must be solemnly intoned into one another's ears like an ecclesiastical service. The sensation dramas in which he once figured before immense and delighted audiences are played no more. As a Greek pirate in enormous jackboots and a red cap, and armed with a cutlass and an immense horse-pistol, he has thrilled thousands. His Jack Sheppard, Claude Duval, Flying Dutchman and Brigantine were went to make the welkin ring with cheers; but who cares for them now? Jack Sheppard is a bore, and the Flying Dutchman a guy. The gallery yawns drearily enough over the exploits of the gallant Claude, and the fierce Brigantine's eloquence is voted a howling nuisance, and the people go out as soon as he comes on.

Nevertheless, Tom is still the rising young actor he was almost half a century before, and has lots of admirers, who believe in him with a faith like his own. They have his portraits and newspaper biographies jealously treasured up, and go to see him with great regularity, although in the metropolis he rarely stands as high in the bills as he once did. He was always a famous Richard; but somehow the stage-manager, blind to his own interest, casts him for King Henry. Instead of Macduff he is sent on for Duncan, and, worse yet, when Othello is given out, does not get his favorite role of Iago, but is set down for Brabantio. Ah! his Iago was a thing worth seeing. *There* was acting! Shakespeare intended Iago for a villain, and you could not mistake his character when Tom interpreted it. There was craft in every motion, a sinister purpose in every twitch of the shaggy eyebrows, pitiless revenge in every scowl, gloom and blood in every roll of his ponderous voice. They don't play Iago in that fashion nowadays. Dear old Tom will continue to rise, I suppose, and be the eminent young tragedian till the Black Sergeant makes his final arrest.

Mr. Felix O'Grady continued his progress, smiling and nodding sometimes, but still vigilant. It would be almost as interesting as Homer's catalogue of ships if one were to give the name and description of everybody he met. At last he halted. It is M. Foinard he sees. That peculiar gentleman is sitting in a corner with a friend, both amusing themselves over an autograph album full of clever conceits by clever people. They read these things together and laugh heartily. Very seldom is M. Foinard so radiant.

But where is Rose? O'Grady reconnoitres the field carefully, and at length his eye lights upon the object of his search seated on a sofa not far away from her husband, and abstractedly conversing with a dreadful old lady in black silk, and hair in gray puffs, and with a moustache like a grenadier's. She is saying malicious things about the company present, and doubtless the hostess also, one may easily see; and Rose listens with a forced and pained smile, for she hates ill-natured gossip, and O'Grady pities her as he stands at his post of observation. Now and then Foinard's black eyes dart a glance towards his pale, handsome wife; hers seldom leave his face. He has forbidden her to dance, and by implication everything else that others are doing, and so by necessity she has fallen back upon the delightful resource of this old woman's conversation.

The moment has come. No pitying influence appears to stop this wretched drama which is about to begin. With a dark smile O'Grady leaves his covert and emerges. The light falls on his black clothing and stout and rather ungainly figure. In his hand is the bouquet. Silently he marches towards Rose Foinard with measured step. She was pale before—is now white. Her lips contract, and the dilation of the eyes is pitiful to see—terror there, dread, paralysis. Her slim, white fingers are clinched, and the underjaw has fallen.

O'Grady stands before her and bows gravely.

"Good-evening, Madame Foinard. I have been searching for you everywhere to pay you my respects, and to offer this humble expression of my esteem and devotion."

He presents his gigantic and absurd bouquet, which she takes mechanically, and at the same instant, over O'Grady's person, which is still inclined, she sees in a flash the stern glare in the dark eyes of the smiling M. Foinard, who is witnessing everything. In her nightmare Rose smells the flowers, murmurs something like thanks, and presents Mr. O'Grady to the old lady at her side.

"It is beautiful indeed, and I must not lose an instant before putting it in water."

She rises and leaves the room. O'Grady, to his dismay, is tackled by the old lady, who is aware that he is a literary character, and puts him to the torture. Foinard proceeds to read the remainder of the autographs in the album, but somehow they do not seem so amusing as before.

[NOTE TO CHAPTER X.—An incident somewhat similar to that of the bouquet has been used in one of the author's short stories, doubtless forgotten: but this explanation is necessary lest someone should think him guilty of plagiarism, which is always an insult to the reader.—W. E. M.]

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE JUNGFERN KUSS.

AMONG the most horrible modes of punishment formerly used in Germany was that of "The Kiss of the Virgin," or "Jungfern Kuss," which certainly appears to be one of the most "kussed" things ever invented. It was believed that this method of execution was practiced in most of the old corporate towns of Germany, in the Castle of Koenigstein, near Frankfort, at Nuremberg, and other places. The "Virgin" was supposed to be in figure like the Virgin Mary, or a representation of Justice, so contrived as to clasp its victims in literally an iron embrace; and that when life was almost extinct the machine opened at the bottom, and the unfortunate sufferer dropped into a chamber below upon swords, which revolved in such a manner as to cut his body into small fragments, and that a stream of water carried these away.

An old Nuremberg ballad relates that a patrician girl and a plebeian youth ran away together, and were soon after captured, when the youth underwent the penalty of the Jungfern Kuss. The knowledge of this circumstance, some few years ago, whetted an antiquary's appetite to so keen an edge that he sought in the various castles and townprisons which were reported to contain the object in question, until he found the terrible "Virgin" in a collection of antiquities preserved by a Baron Diedrich in his Castle of Feistitz, on the Yordus Stiermerk, Austria. The Baron, it seems, had purchased this dreadful instrument from a person who had obtained it in a left-handed manner, and with it a great part of the contents of the arsenal of Nuremberg. The "Virgin" was seven feet high (the traditional height of that at Nuremberg), and consisted of a skeleton of barhoops coated over with sheet-iron, formed and painted to represent the figure of a citizen's wife of the sixteenth century, wearing the mantle which was a common article of dress among persons of that class.

The engraving represents the interior of the machine, and from this the reader will see that the front of it opened like a pair of folding-doors, the back portion being connected with it by hinges. On the inside of the right breast were thirteen quadrangular poniards; there were also eight of these inside the left breast, and two on the inside of the face. These last were clearly intended for the eyes of the victim, who must have been placed backwards into the machine while in an upright position, when, on the doors being closed against him, his breast and eyes were pierced by the blades we have above described. That this machine had been formerly used could not be doubted, because there were evident blood-stains yet visible on its breast. How it was worked was not known, for the mechanism which caused it to open and close was no longer attached.

LOVE'S FEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MARION SACKETT.

You love me *now*—I read it in your eyes,
Wherein a wealth of tenderness now lies,
While every tone of your calm, gentle voice
Bids each pulsation of my heart rejoice.

You love me, and yet, while all seems fair,
A feeling of pain and anxious care,
Like a guilty thing, creeps in my breast,
And fills it full with a vain unrest.

Beautiful dream! will you wither and die,
Or in cold and darkness forever more lie?
Will the love prove false that is mine to-night,
And, like the flowers of earth, fade from sight?

Let me not think of the future at all—
Let me but list to the dear words that fall
From the kind lips oft pressed on my brow—
Fear not, but live in the perfect *now*.

A NIGHT OF PERIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

A low, swampy region of country—dull, dreary, unrelieved—lying stretched out beneath a brassy sky. No rain for weeks; the very swamps were dead and dry and the trees yellow and sere. The faint breeze, stirring occasionally, had a sickly sound, as though it spoke of death and ruin and disaster, while its hot breath, as it passed over the flowers and grasses, withered them up and left devastation in its wake.

Beneath a grove of live oaks stood a long, low, rambling building, and upon the gallery in the setting sunlight a man was lounging. A short, thick-set, muscular fellow, with a slouch hat drawn over his retreating forehead, surmounting shaggy brows, whence peered a pair of little, fishy, gray eyes. His hands were in his pockets; in his mouth a stubby, black pipe; his hard eyes bent upon a couple of wolf-hounds at his feet.

"Halloa there, stranger!"

He raised his shaggy head, and took the pipe from his lips.

"Hallo yourself!"

It was a surly voice, and did not impress one pleasantly. The horseman at the rickety gate reined in his steed.

"Any accommodations for man and beast?"

It was a cheery tone, and, ringing out on the quiet air of that dismal place, was good to hear. The man on the gallery took his hands from his ragged pockets, kicked the dogs from his path, and proceeded leisurely to the gate.

"I say," continued the newcomer, somewhat impatiently, "are you going to answer me to-night? Can I get lodging here—for one night only"—as the advertisements say? I am on my way to Dallas, and was told, a few miles back, that I could find accommodations at Carl Schenck's. Is this the place?"

"I am Carl Schenck."

"Humph! Well, I can remain here to-night?"

"Reckon."

"All right."

He sprang from his horse, displaying as he did so a lithe, slender figure, a young and handsome face, and the dress and manners of a gentleman. His traveling-bag bore the inscription "Edward Langley, St. Louis, Mo."

"Come fur to-day?" interrogated the host, as he lifted the valise from the saddle-bow.

"Right smart." was the laconic answer. For a moment the keen eyes of Schenck rested on the face of the man before him; then, muttering something to himself, he led the way to the house.

Ned Langley followed his host through the wide doorway into a long, gloomy room, with a low ceiling, guiltless of paint or whitewash. The wooden-shuttered windows stood open, and the damp, sickly air of the swamp struggled in. The creak of innumerable frogs and the occasional whistle of a night-bird alone broke the uncanny silence. Langley shuddered involuntarily.

"Ghostly sort of place!" he cried in his free-and-easy way, dropping into a wide, rush-bottomed chair as he spoke. "Lived here long?" His host removed the stubby pipe from his ugly mouth, sent a shower of tobacco-juice out of the window right into the face of a stray passion-flower which clambered over a crape-myrtle tree, then returned it to his mouth again, and, as he went on placidly smoking, observed: "That's my business!"

At that instant a door at the farther end of the room opened to admit the ugliest of ancient negresses, with the laconic observation of "Supper's ready!"

Through all that silent meal Ned sat with the ugly visage of his host before him like a satyr carved in stone. Naturally gay and lively, in the presence of this graven image Ned's spirits became depressed; went down—down to zero. Supper over, he returned to the other room to smoke a cigar and endeavor to banish this strange oppression—in vain. It weighed on him like an incubus.

Sitting there in dreary solitude, the low, gloomy room filled with twilight shadows, there fell upon his ear a faint, low moan. For a second his heart stood still. Again he heard it. Springing to his feet, and glanced out of the open window. Crouching against it on the damp ground was a female figure. Ned sprang impulsively through the window and laid his hand on her arm.

"What is the matter?"

She raised her head from its attitude of grief and turned her face towards the frank, honest face of the young man. Twilight though it was, Ned saw that she was young and very beautiful. A strange thrill shot through his frame. He bent lower.

"Are you in any trouble?" he continued in his gentlest tone; "can I assist you?"

The girl grasped his hand eagerly.

"Oh, yes," she said in a quick, low whisper, as though afraid of being overheard. "Go to Dallas—it is but five miles—and tell the authorities that a murder was committed here last night!"

"What?" gasped Ned. "A *murder?*"

"Yes, sir: a cold-blooded, atrocious murder. A young man was stabbed in his bed by the wretch whom you have just left!"

"Impossible!"

"I tell you it is the truth. He—he—sir, was my lover, and my heart is breaking. We were to have been married to-day. I am an orphan, and have long made my home here. He came here last night, with all our little fortune in his possession. And he was murdered! In the darkness of the night the deed was done. He was dragged away and thrown into the river yonder, and the dark waters roll over the body of Arthur Poltevent!"

"Arthur Poltevent?" cried Ned in amazement. "Good heavens! You cannot mean Arthur Poltevent of Dallas?"

"I do, sir!"

"Why, he was my best friend, and the very man whom I am on my way to visit. Are you sure that you are not mistaken in the person?"

She tore open the bosom of her dress and drew thence a worn photograph. One glance at the features in the gray twilight proved the truth of her assertion. Ned wiped the tears from his eyes.

"As God hears me!" he muttered in a fierce, suppressed whisper, "I will avenge his murder!"

"Bertha! Bertha! Where the deuce are you?"

It was the harsh voice of old Schenck. The girl shuddered violently.

"He's coming!" she gasped. "He has kept me locked up all day; now I must be dragged off again to my prison. Oh, sir"—she seized Ned's hand in hers with despairing earnestness—"help me! And"—here her voice sank into the faintest whisper—"don't dare to go to sleep to night!"

She glided away like a spirit, and Ned Langley stood transfixed with amazement at the strange occurrence. How long he stood there he never knew. He was aroused by the gruff voice of his host: "Come, stranger, I reckon you'll want to go to your quarters?" Present acquiescence seemed most sensible, and Ned followed him with outward quiet to a large chamber at the extreme end of the house, which was a one-story affair. Schenck placed the flickering candle on a rickety stand, and, closing the window, which was an inside shutter of wood, glass being dispensed with in that primitive locality, deliberately bolted it.

"Hope you'll rest well, sir," he growled, with a ghastly attempt at a smile; "but if you should happen to hear any noises in the night, don't be alarmed. My dogs makes a terrible racket sometimes. Good-night," he added hastily, and withdrew from the apartment.

Ned's heart beat violently with indignation and wrath. What! was there another murder about to be committed? And must he remain, a quiet spectator, as it were, powerless to move hand or foot, in the matter? No—never! He had allowed the villain to show him to the room, thinking thereby to avert suspicion. He would leave the accursed spot, seek the adjacent town, arouse the authorities and place this man in custody. He rushed to the door. Great heavens! it was fastened. The villain had locked him in, and he was a prisoner, at the mercy of a murderer. Then came the dreadful thought that he himself might be the intended victim! What more probable? He ran to the window, remembering that it was fastened inside, and hastily unbolted it, only to find strong, wooden bars between him and freedom. For a moment he stood as though paralyzed. He extinguished the candle; but the moon had risen, and cast a clear, pale light over all objects. Ned stood at the window and glared through the bars like a wild beast in a cage. Then, for the first time, he observed another and larger building situated at the rear of the main house. Something attracted his attention. It was the form of a woman standing at one of the small windows, also barred and grated like a prison. The bright moonlight shone full upon her face—it was Bertha!

"Hist!" she said in a whisper, but loud enough to be distinguished across the little court which separated them. "You are in the very room where Arthur Poltevent was murdered; do you not see his blood upon the floor?"

With a creeping sensation of horror which cannot be described, Ned glanced at the white pine boards. Yes, there, almost at his feet, were the dark, ensanguined spots, which can never be erased. And there was something else. A linen handkerchief, spotted with red, fresh blood, and a name in one corner. Ned held it up to the pearly moonrays, and read "Arthur Poltevent." He dropped it with a groan, and buried his face in his hands. For a moment of supreme agony. At last he raised his head, and the moonlight revealed a very determined face, albeit as white as though hewn from marble.

"I will not die without one effort!" he muttered.

He drew forth his pocket-knife, his only weapon. Five sharp, shining blades—well, it was worth trying! He went to work on the iron bars with a will. Thank God! they were not iron! For some time he perseveres; at last one is severed; now another and another. With an effort he can squeeze his body through the aperture. He accomplishes the task and stands on terra firma once more. With a deep sigh of relief he looks about him. What if the dogs should scent him? Then, indeed, he surely lost! A low moan falls upon the quiet air. He looks up. It proceeds from the strange, dark building where the poor girl is imprisoned. Another moan follows—then another, and a loud, wild shriek, like one in mortal agony, rends the silence. He hesitates no longer. Murder is surely being done. With no further thought of the wolf-hounds, he dashes away; he knows not what course he takes. He remembers afterwards scaling a high fence, and landing bruised and half stunned on the other side. A wide country road stretches out before him in the moonlight. He takes it without a thought of whither it leads; his only object, his sole idea, is to get away from that murderous spot—to leave that Den of iniquity far behind him. He rushes—hatless, wild; his face ghastly, his eyes staring, his hands clenched; breathless, panting.

"Halt!"

He pauses, to find himself in the midst of a group of three men.

"Oh, for God's sake!" he panted, in quick, short gasps, "come with me. A murder was committed last night; another, I fear, to-night. Make haste!"

"Certainly, certainly," cried one of the men; then, turning to a companion, he added, in an undertone, "he's one of them, sure 'a fate! Come on, Mac—what's the matter, or he'll give us the slip! Hark! there's the Sheriff now. I know the way he rides."

The sound of approaching hoofs fell upon their ears.

"You wait here, Raoul, and bring him right after us!" continued the first speaker. He approached Ned and carelessly took his arm; his companion walked along on Ned's other side, and the man called Raoul remained behind. They hurried along back to the scene of horror, Ned meanwhile relating as best he might the fearful occurrence.

Back at last. The wolf-hounds sprang out with a noisy greeting; but they were evidently acquainted with the newcomers, for at a few words of command they crouched down quiet and submissive. The outer door opened, and at that moment the sound of hoofs announced the arrival of the Sheriff. At the threshold stood Schenck, half dressed and with a candle in either hand. He glared savagely at the intruders.

"There he is!" cried Ned, springing forward. "Arrest this man for murder!"

But to his astonishment Ned himself was about to be seized.

"Murder! Help!" he shouted wildly. Drawing forth his trusty pocket-knife, he sprang upon his nearest assailant. Just then the door was pushed hastily open and the Sheriff rushed into the room. Ned gave one quick glance in his direction, the knife fell from his nerveless grasp, he tottered feebly.

"Arthur Poltevent!" he faltered. "My God! is it your spirit?"

"Ned Langley! What does this mean?"

"It means," began Ned in bewilderment, "that I was on my way to visit you, when, being overtaken by night, I requested lodging here. Before I had been here an hour a young girl calling herself Bertha informed me that last night you, Arthur Poltevent, whom she declared to be her lover, was murdered in this house by that man yonder. In the room which I occupied, and where she said the dreadful deed was committed, I discovered blood-stains and a bloody handkerchief bearing your name. Hard, to make assurance doubly sure, she exhibited a photograph of yourself, which she carries on her person still. When I discovered, as I very soon did, that I had been locked into my room, I cut the bars to the window and escaped, in search of the proper authorities, to whom I might deliver your murderer. What does all this mean, Arthur? For God's sake, explain!"

A broad smile passed over the faces of the little group.

"Well, it's easily explained," said Arthur. "This place is now used as a temporary asylum for the insane while our new building is being erected, the old one having burned down a week ago. Schenck, there, did not wish to create un

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IMPORTANT TO CIRCUS-MANAGERS.

THE CASE OF "AMERICA'S RACING ASSOCIATION" vs. W. C. COUP.

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

The case of George W. De Haven, Andrew Haight, and R. E. J. Miles, who were proprietors of the show known as "America's Racing Association and International Hippodrome" in 1875, vs. W. C. Coup, in which the plaintiffs claimed $50,000 damages for alleged libelous publications on the part of the defendant, was brought to a conclusion Feb. 6, by a verdict for the plaintiffs of $40,000. The case, which was in the Court of Common Pleas of Cincinnati, occupied some ten days. We append the charge of the Judge (Johnston) in full, having been favored with the original MS. for the purpose, as the law therein laid down is one of general interest:

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY.—This action is instituted by plaintiffs to recover $50,000 of defendant, originally impleaded with others for the alleged publication of a false and malicious libel in the *Union Observer* on the 26th day of May, 1875, whereby they claim to have been injured as copartners engaged in conducting a business known as the "America's Racing Association, International Hippodrome, Menagerie and Congress of Nations," and to have sustained thereby loss and damage in and to their business and the property thereof. The entire publication has been read to you, and the alleged grievous reports and defamation set out in the petition. That you will take with you when you retire to deliberate on your verdict, and you will then read it. It is unnecessary here to set it out.

The defendants served—to wit., W. C. Coup, S. H. Hurd and Geo. B. Bunnell—answer, and deny all liability to plaintiffs. Yet, they say they did not publish nor cause to be published said alleged libelous publication. 2d, they allege, however, that it is not libelous, for that it contains the truth. 3d, they allege a full settlement and release from the plaintiffs of all liability, if any ever did exist, against them on account of said publication. Plaintiffs, on the other hand, deny that any settlement was made whereby defendants became released from said alleged liability. They admit that an agreement was entered into for that purpose, but that defendants violated it, whereby their original right of action revived, for that in fact the agreement of settlement was executory, and that its validity, force and effect were conditioned upon the cessation by defendants of all further libelous publications concerning the plaintiffs and their business from the date of the settlement, June 4, 1875, which plaintiffs allege was not done. Since the commencement of the trial that action has been discontinued as to defendants S. H. Hurd and Geo. B. Bunnell, and your deliberations will therefore relate solely to the liability of defendant W. C. Coup to plaintiffs.

It is sought to charge him either with having composed and published the offensive matter set out in petition, or with having procured other persons or directed or assisted such persons in its writing and publication under the defenses made in this case. Before this defendant can be held liable to respond in damages to plaintiffs, you must be satisfied by a preponderance of the testimony that said defendant did so write and publish, or caused to be written and published through some other person or persons acting by his direction or request or in conjunction with him, said alleged libelous matter; that the same was false and libelous and maliciously published of the plaintiffs and their business; that the damages sustained thereby have never been compromised and settled, and defendant released from liability on account thereof. Is the article or advertisement complained of libelous? Libel is of the nature of written slander of and concerning another, whereby he is injured in his reputation, trade, or business. A leading author gives this description of a libel: "Every publication of language concerning a man or his affairs which, as a necessary or natural and proximate consequence, occasions pecuniary loss to him is prima facie a slander or libel." This is as well applicable to copartnership. Hence, where a party falsely and maliciously publishes of a firm of individuals engaged in business, trade, or custom, they may maintain their action. Where the publication is false, the law infers malice; and where its natural tendency is to injure, the law presumes damages. You have heard the whole publication read. It is in evidence. The part complained of is set out in the petition. You have heard the circumstances under which it is claimed to have been published. You have been made acquainted with the nature of plaintiffs' business; also with the business and duties of the defendant. You will consider the whole publication in connection with the facts and circumstances proved or admitted, and say what was its meaning and intention, what it imputed to the plaintiffs as to motives, objects, principles, acts and character, and whether it imputed to them fraud, want of integrity, or misconduct, or insolvency; if you are satisfied therefrom that it did impute either to plaintiffs in their business, and that it was falsely and maliciously published, then the publication falls within the meaning of a libel, as heretofore defined, and this action may be maintained against the defendant, unless you shall find that he has sustained some one of the defenses pleaded by him. If you find that the publication, read and considered in connection with the evidence and surrounding circumstances, does not come up to the definition I have given you of a libel, and especially if you find it to have been true, you need proceed no farther in the case—you will return a verdict for the defendant; otherwise, if you find it to be libelous within the definition previously given, your next inquiry will be: Did the defendant, W. C. Coup, have anything to do either with its composition or publication?

In libel, not only the publisher, but all who in anywise are concerned in the production of the writing, are liable as publishers. Thus if one composes and dictates, a second writes and a third publishes, all are liable as publishers, and each as a publisher—all who concur in a wrongful act are alike, either jointly or separately, liable. Again, a libel may be composed through another as agent, and whenever such is the case both the principal and agent are alike liable, and they may be sued jointly or severally. No one can excuse his concurrence in a wrongful act merely on the ground that in what he did he acted as agent for another.

It is for you to apply the law thus given, and say whether defendant, either personally or through another or persons acting for him as his agents, or whether he in conjunction with others either composed or published said alleged libelous matter, or caused the same to be done. If you so find that he did, whether as a principal or as agent for another, or whether through another acting as his agent, or acting at the time under his special direction, though not under his direct employment, he is liable; the fact that he may have been the general manager or president of the "Barnum Hippodrome Corporation" at the time, and that the publication may have emanated through its directors and through its servants and agents, and though he merely had an interest in one of its agents, still he is responsible if he personally aided the corporation or its agents in the composing or publishing of the said alleged libel.

A joint action for an injury to person or property may be maintained against a corporation and its agents, or against either. But to hold defendant responsible you must be satisfied by a preponderance of the testimony that he either directly composed or published said article, or if by his agent, that the person was his agent or acted under his special direction, for if as the mere conduit of communication between the corporation and its agent, who may have written or published the alleged libel, he simply communicated to that agent the order of the corporation and did nothing more, he would not be liable. If, on the other was a personal order emanating from him, or if emanating from the corporation, and he personally advised and counseled others in the employ of the corporation in the getting-up and publication of the same, he is liable. In establishing agency you must be governed by the testimony offered in the case. You will consider the circumstances and surroundings of the parties, the nature of the business of the defendant, the acts and conduct; and whether, if once established, the declarations and admissions of the agent made in relation to as undertaking in which he is then engaged, and while it is in progress, are admissible to bind his principal in matters connected therewith. If you find that under the evidence and instructions I have given you that he did not, directly or through another, write, compose or publish said alleged libel, then your verdict will be for the defendant. If otherwise, then you will consider whether defendant set up the defenses claimed, is that all or any injury sustained by plaintiffs on account of said publication was, on or about the 26th day of May, 1875, fully settled; defendant released therefrom by virtue of an agreement and release entered into between plaintiffs and defendant and others. You will examine a certain release introduced for the purpose of ascertaining if a valid settlement and said release given after the publication of said alleged libel of May 26, 1875. If you find such to be the fact, then defendant will be entitled to your verdict. It is claimed by the plaintiffs that no such valid release ever was given, that said release offered in evidence by the defendant to support that in defense is dated June 4, 1875, the plaintiffs claim, not to become operative only upon condition that defendant should cease the publication of all further libels against the plaintiffs after the date of said agreement. That, June 4, 1875, which the plaintiffs claim the defendant did not do, but that he continued the publication thereof; and plaintiffs further claim that said settlement was invalid for the reason that all of plaintiffs did not assent to it, and for other reasons. The plaintiffs were at the time a firm or partnership, and it is well settled in law that the interest of partners in the property and credits of the firm is joint, that all must join in a suit to enforce a demand of the firm; and it is also well settled that each member is the agent of the firm in the prosecution and settlement of its business as to third parties. One partner may therefore for a valuable consideration release any debt or obligation due the firm, and he may release and discharge a party from all liability for injuries done the firm, or the property thereof, and he for that purpose may sign the release or settlement in his own name or the name of the firm; either will be binding on the other partners. Hence, if you find from the testimony in this case that the plaintiffs or any of their number executed the release in writing offered in evidence upon the considerations therein named, that it was intended to be and was at once delivered to defendant, to take effect at once, without any conditions whatever, then defendant became released from all obligation on account of said libelous publication, and he would under such a state of facts be entitled to your verdict. If, however, you find, as claimed by plaintiffs, that said release was only to become operative as such upon the condition that defendant should not publish any further libels or and concerning plaintiffs and their business, and if you find from the testimony that said condition formed the subject of discussion prior to the verbal agreement between the parties, and you find that defendant did not cease publishing said libelous articles of plaintiffs, but intentionally and bad faith continued said publications, then said release never became binding upon plaintiffs, and is not a bar to their recovery. Parol testimony is received as to such contemporaneous oral agreement, provided it does not vary or contradict the written agreement. It may be shown by parol that the written agreement was not meant to operate as an agreement or release until the happening of a given condition; but it cannot be shown by parol that on the happening of such condition the agreement was to be defeated for the purpose of arriving at the facts whether there was any other agreement such as claimed by plaintiffs. You will examine all the testimony and the circumstances of the case, for they are evidence in the case, and may aid you in determining that question as well as other questions involved in your investigations. If you find there was no condition as to the taking-effect of such release as claimed, you will, as before directed, find for the defendant. If you find that there was the condition as to the taking-effect of said release, as claimed by plaintiffs, and you find that the defendant, and not some other person, continued the publication of said libelous articles of and concerning plaintiffs in bad faith so continued to publish the same, then you will find for the plaintiffs, and proceed to assess the damages—such damages as will compensate the plaintiffs for injury sustained by the publication set up in the petition of May 20, 18.5.

In assessing damages, you should consider all the circumstances under which the publication was made, the business in which the plaintiffs and defendant were engaged—whether it was of a character that, to be successful, depended peculiarly upon the favorable estimation of the public; whether the alleged libelous publication was invited by the plaintiffs, whether the plaintiffs first or at any time before the publication of the article in controversy, May 20, 1875, had published libelous articles of the defendant, or of the show of which he was manager, and whether defendant, before the said 20th day of May, 1875, had published articles of a similar character of pla ntiffs and their business, and whether he first commenced the publication thereof without the provocation on the part of the plaintiffs, and knew of their falsity at the time, if in fact false—all these questions you have the right among other things to consider in arriving at the amount of damages. Evidence has been introduced by plaintiffs to show malice, to wit, prior publications and handbills of a libelous character, claimed to have been published before the article complained of in the petition, the article of May 20, 1875. These publications and handbills, if you find defendant had any office in their publications and distribution, you may consider for the purpose of showing malice—that is, the intention or state of mind of the defendant toward plaintiffs; but such publications or handbills thus distributed cannot be made the foundation for a recovery of damages herein for any injury arising to plaintiffs thereby—they may be considered only for the purpose of showing the degree of malice in the publication of the libel declared on, and thus affect the amount of damages by way of aggravation. The plaintiffs, being partners at the time of the publication, they allege that they were injured thereby in their partnership business. You will ascertain whether they, by the said publication declared on, were injured thereby in their business and property; if so, they are entitled to recover for any such injury; but you will not include therein any damages for injury to the private feelings of the plaintiffs, but only such injury as they have sustained in their joint business; and in cases where actual ill will is shown, and false, malicious libels are published of another, without cause or provocation, affecting him in his business or trade, exemplary or vindicative damages may be included, beyond the actual injury sustained, for the sake of the example.

The defendant has offered in evidence testimony for the purpose of mitigating any damages plaintiffs may have sustained. That you will consider. Our statute permits this to be done, although the truth may be pleaded and the defendant should fail to establish it. Evidence in mitigation is evidence intended to name the amount of damages, to lessen the same by showing want of malice in the publication, by showing aggravating circumstances on the part of plaintiffs, that provoked the defendant to the commission of the wrong; by showing that plaintiff had but recently before published similar libels of defendant or of the show of which he was manager; and by showing other facts of like character. Any evidence, therefore, tending to show that the libel complained of was published under such circumstances just indicated, you will duly consider, and give effect thereto, according to their value, in reducing the amount of damages, the greater the amount of provocation ordinarily affording greater cause for the reduction of the damages, in some cases warranting a verdict for nominal damages only; and in arriving at the damages it is proper for you to determine from the testimony whether the loss to plaintiffs was wholly on account of the alleged libelous publication charged, or that it came about in part through financial embarrassments and unpropitious weather, claimed by defendant to have attended their undertaking from its commencement. Consider all of the testimony, weigh it carefully under the law as given to you by the Court in this and the special charges, and without regard to where the parties reside, whether in the East or in the West. Return such a verdict as will accord with the law and the testimony, and you will then have discharged your whole duty.

THEATRICAL NOVELTIES IN FRANCE.

"LE PETIT DUC"

is the name of a new piece recently presented at the Renaissance Theatre, Paris, the libretto of which is by MM. Meilhac and Halevy, and the music by Lecocq. A correspondent says of it: "'Le Petit Duc' contains plenty of gayety without any trace of exaggeration, abundance of wit without the slightest bad taste; bright, animated and varied situations—and yet it is neither a comedy, a vaudeville, nor the libretto of a comic opera—and less than all can it be styled a farce. Its music never rises, either in conception, in form, or in style, to the height reached in the works of great comic opera composers, and still it is lively, expressive, full of color in the instrumentation, cleverly adapted for the stage, sufficiently melodious and charged with harmony to be accepted by musicians and to charm those who have not the good fortune to come within that category. The most exact idea I can give of this new style of stage music is by saying that, as a general rule, it seems intended rather to be interpreted by capable comedians than to be sung by genuine vocalists. The three acts are utterly devoid of the least triviality or coarseness; double entente is happily conspicuous by its absence; there is no vulgar laughter; no noisy shouting, no cancan, and yet the work has already become such a favorite that a twelvemonth's run is not, perhaps, too much to predict for it. As an instance of the rush for places at present, I may mention that an acquaintance of mine had yesterday to pay fifty francs for an orchestra stall, which, in the ordinary way, costs only eight. The libretto is charming in detail, full of variety, and contains an infinity of situations admirably adapted for the musical development. The original idea was suggested by an episode in the life of the Duc De Bourbon, who, having been married very young, was separated from his wife after the ceremony, and ultimately succeeded in carrying her off from the convent where she was shut up. The curtain rises on the Gallery of Mirrors, at Versailles, where, as midnight strikes, the marriage of the little Duc De Parthenay with Mlle. Blanche De Lancy is taking place. The bridegroom is eighteen and the bride three years his junior. Their union has been brought about by the family council in order to join the territorial possessions, but the young couple, who have learned to love each other with conspicuous precocity, only think of giving full enjoyment to their mutual affection. They return from the chapel hand-in-hand; but when the ladies of honor come, according to custom, to seek the little bride after the ball, they do not lead her, as the Duc fondly imagined, to the nuptial-chamber, but to a post-chaise, which never stops until it reaches the gates of a seminary for high-born young ladies at Lunéville. The disappointed husband flies into a tremendous tantrum when he learns of this sudden abduction, which has been carried out by the directions of their grandparents, who have come to the conclusion that on account of their extreme youth the newly-married pair must remain separated for two years. To console the little Duc in this premature widowhood he is given command of a dragoon regiment which bears his family name, and of which he had hitherto been merely titular colonel. No sooner does he find himself really master of his five or six hundred troopers, with all his officers ready to obey his orders, than our little hero starts off to recover his Duchess by laying siege to the Luneville boarding school. The second act brings us to the interior of that aristocratic and model establishment, where the Lady Superior, Madame Diane De Chateau-Lansac, a Canoness who claims descent from Henri IV, is giving her assembled pupils one of the most comical of singing lessons, all her efforts to reconcile poor little Blanche to her separation from her lord are so far fruitless, and the young wife pays such scant attention to discipline that she is condemned to solitary confinement in a cell which would make a very pretty boudoir. Suddenly a trumpet is heard, the Parthenay regiment is at the gates, and the school is surrounded. A herald arrives in the person of M. De Bois-Landry, who comes on the part of his Colonel to claim the victim immured within the place. But the Canoness does no discredit to the blood she boasts, for she declares she will blow up the house, herself, pupils, and all rather than surrender, and the Duc's envoy has to retire discomfited. Blanche's husband, however, succeeds in gaining admittance under the disguise of a girl, and after seeing his little bride's head out of one of the windows, succeeds after much difficulty in gaining possession of the key of that particular chamber. He has thrown off his women's clothes, and is about to free Blanche when the Canoness arrives to tell him that fighting has begun on the frontier, and that the Duc De Parthenay ought to be ashamed of laying siege to a girls' school when the enemies of his country are within easy distance of his regiment. These words fire the martial valor of the gallant young Colonel. He does not hesitate an instant to sacrifice his love to his honor, and accordingly takes a hasty departure with his dragoons, having first promised Blanche that in the event of his not rejoining her when he has covered himself with glory on the battle-field. In the third act we are in camp before a town to which the Duc De Luxembourg is laying siege. The soldiers, glass in hand, are singing to the prowess of the 'Little Hunchback,' whose deeds are legendary in the French army, and, between the sparkling vintage of Moselle and their attentions to a bevy of pretty camp-followers, nearly allow themselves to be surprised by the enemy. The latter, who is now at the head of his regiment performs prodigies of valor and wins the battle. To avert any such similar mischance, however, he forbids for the future the admission of women to the camp. Women but by halves, he begs—he ventures to snatch a few moments' rest, when he is awaken by the arrival of a veiled female, who is trembling from head to foot. This is no other than the Duchess, who had escaped from her boarding-school in order to join her husband. Captain Bois-Landry has heard the sound of a kiss, the order is formal, and he enters his Colonel's tent and demands his sword. The pardon of the General soon, however, releases the little Duc from arrest; and, as it would be hard to refuse a gallant officer to whom his country owes the gain of a battle the right to live with his own wife, the King commands the young couple to come to Versailles, where their happiness is completed. On this pretty and cleverly-written libretto M. Lecocq has composed what I only notice last as the most exact description of the music in saying that, as a general rule, it seems intended rather to be interpreted by capable comedians than to be sung by genuine vocalists. 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THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Feb. 18.

LADIES' LIST.

Allyne, Kittie
Allen, Eloise
Ar Nettie, Lu-lu
Armond, Arzena
Arlington, Edna
Beaumont, Stella (3)
Bean, Fannie
Benedict, Mary
Bretto, Emma
Bernard, Mrs. Mollie (2)
Blande, Edith
Boanmont, Nellie (3)
Coleman Sisters
Claxton, Kate
Clifford, Ada (3)
Clancey, Yeni G.
Clifton, Blanche
Cordelle, Mrs. Maggie
Clifford, Ada (vocalist)
Cushing, Bella
Caselli, Mrs. Fannie (3)
Cole, Lena
De Lanles, Louisa
Deacon, Miss (of London, Eng.)
D'Aire Sisters
Ellis, Mrs. Harry A.
Evans, Mrs. M. F.
Etzeltine Sisters
Forrist, Kate (vocalist; 2) 15c.
Fox, Mrs. Annie
Fiske, Marian
Fisher, Kate 6c.
Forsyth, Katie M.
Grant, Ethel
Goss, Mrs. J.
Gilday, Mrs. Chas.
Griffin, Emma
Herring, Fannie
Harkins, Mrs. L. (of Jarrett & Palm Co.)
Heeney, Mrs. Ed.
Howard, May
Hall, Annett, Alta
Ilerd, Belle
Ilerd Sisters
Searl, Celia
Jeal, Linda (3)
Jeannette, Mrs. Ella
Kimberley, Bessie
Kellogg, Alice
Kirby, Adele
Lucille, Fannie (3)
Lewis, Carrie (2)
Laurent or Lamont, Claudie
La Verde, Belle
McDowell, Fannie
Marshall, Florence
Maxwell, Kate 6c.
Murray, Mrs. Alice (3)
Mitchell, Goldie
Mayo, Miss
Markham, Pauline 6c.
Miller, Anna
Mayo, Ella
Mell, Rose
Morton, Mrs. J.W.
McGill, Mrs. Sadie E.
McKean, Gabrielle
McDowall, Katie
Newton, Stella
Norris, Mrs. Chas.
O'Brien, Mrs Fred
Oakman, Addie W.
Parker Sisters (2)
Pieris, Nellie
Pfaff, Mrs. H. C.
Reynolds, Vic
Ransom, Alice (2)
Ryse, Mrs. Ella
Robinson, Mrs. Harry (2)
Stewart Sisters
Shellman, Carrie (of Dunlap's Minst.)
Shellman, Rosa (3)
Shandley, Josie
Swain, Mrs. Sam
Searl, Louise
Saromy, Nellie
Sawyer, Mrs. J.
Starr, Susie
Stanley, Charlotte
Sanford, Kittie (song-and-dance)
Siegrist, Sadie
Seofield, Imogene
Stewart, Annie
Tannehill, Nellie
Tiffany, Annie
Ward
Tannehill, Mrs. F. A.
Thomaso, Hilda
Vickers, Mattie
Vincent, Lottie
Wedgewood, Kate
Wyndham, Alice (3)
Whiffin, Mrs.
White, Jessie
Wallack, Mrs. J. H.
Williams, Mrs. Luke
Walters, Mrs. Chas. E.
Wilson, Mollie (vocalist)
Watson, Bertha (ballet "bis")
Wallace-Villa, Agnes
Warner, Florence (velocipedist)
Warren, Jennie (statue "bis")

GENTLEMENS' LIST.

Anderson, Prof. J. (wisard)
Adams, Jas. R.
Ainsworth, Frank K.
Anderson, A. E. (of London Circus)
Allison, Douglas L.
Atwater, T. (of Woodleigh's Co.)
Arnott, Edward
Allison, C. W. (of Sells' Circus)
Arthur & Bennett 15c.
"American 4" The
Burke, Billy
Batchelder & Doris
Barry, John
Barnum's Concert
Privileges Manager
Burroughs, Wm. F.
Byrne, J. H. (of Smith & Byrne)
Brown, Harry B.
Kendall's Co.) (2
Bush, I. T. (2)
Bryant, Nell
Benger, W. (3)
Barnum, M. (of London Circus)
Barry, John (of Barker's W. Dar. Phila.)
Bernard, Conert (vocalist)
Barnum, Lawrence
Barnum, F. T. 13c.
Buckley, Harry
Blandowski, A.
Barrido, John and James
Burns, J. A. (of Ford's, Baltimore)
Bradford, Geo. B.
Bowron, Geo. (with Manager Family)
Brooks, E. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Bennett, Frank
Butcher, Harry C.
Burton, Chas. A. (2) 15c.
Brown, Col. T. A.
Bufkin, H. (2)
Buckley, H. (of Ag. Wallace-Villa's Co)
Bird, Geo. F.
Bradley, Chas. C.
Bowman, Johnny
Burton, Fred
Bronte, C. E.
Carr, Danny
Carew, Dan
Collins, O. B.
Conley, Thos. H.
Cody, Hon. W. F. (2)
Coupland, Gus
Coleman, J. A.
Clifton, Harry
Kelly, Mr. Bop"
Cronin, Jas.
Cehan, Jerry (2)
Clapham, Harry J. (3)
Clifton, Frank R. (3)
Connors & Kelly
Cole, W. W. (2) 3c.
Cody, Martin J.
Cromley, H. (of Cromley & Forest)
"Character Vocalist" (2)
"C. E. D." (3)
Cadden, John
Carr, J. W.
Call, S. B.
Chenet, J. (with Wallace Sisters)
Collum, E. (of Robinson's World Fair)
Cottrell, Chas.
Crosby, G. H.
Coleman, D. W.
Crumbley, Mr.
Carter, Billy
Clark, H. G. (of Lotta's Co.)
Campbell, Frank (Dutch "bit")
Devere, Sam
Dobson, F. B.
Daytons, The
Donnelly, Phil
D'Omer, Moas. and Madam
Dale, Chas. J.
Delehanty & Hengler
Dykeman, Edward
Durand, W. (2)
Dixon, T. B. (2)
De Haven, Claude
Dockstader, C. R.
Dunn, A. M.
Doty, J. Arthur (2)
Devere, Wm.
Dupree, C. H.
Dockrill, D. H.
Dayton, Tommy
De Groat, Chas. P.
Dunlap, Walter B.
Devere, Billy
Earle, Ed. (song and-dance)
Emdy, Jack
Evans, John D.
Eldridge, Chas. W.
Emmett, J. K.
Everett, Geo.
Eckhardt, Robt. (musician)
Emmerson, Dan (banjoist)
Edwords, Welch
Everett, H. S.
France, Bid. C. (2)
Ferdanan, Mr. (juggler)
French, Edwin
Ford, F. (2)
Fowler, H. (of Acad Music, Pittsburg)
Frey, Charlie
Fyffe, Chas. J.
Frayne, Frank
Fortescue, Geo.
Fraser, Sam
Gilles, N. (of Henry Vth Co.)
Gardiner, Geo. M. (2)
Giovanni, Sig.
Gilroy, Jas.
Gresler, Prof. Ed die B.
Gangelhoff, J. (of Templeton's Co.)
Gaston, Albert
Gooding, E. D.
Gerson, M.
Gerard, Ed.
Gillespie, Mr.
Gibson & Binney
Gibson, J. (of Gibson, Bro. & Binney)
"G. T. M."
Guy, Geo.
Gillmore, W. J. (Gibson & Gillmore)
Goshen, Col. Routh
Gardiner, E. M.
Griffin & Alice
Gilmore, Harry
Guy, Sr., Geo.
Hunter, G. W. (2)
Hayle, Wm. (clog dist)
Harrigan, E.
Howe, Burt (gymnast)
Roberts, N. D.
Hearley, Geo. (of Bryant's Minst.)
Hagan, Jas. F.
Hampton, Eugene H. (2)
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros)
Howell, Joseph (side-show "biz")
Hamond, John
Heywood, (of Heywood Bros.)
Healy, Conway & Saunders
Hanford, Charles B. (spangle-tomimist)
Sprague & Blodgett
Sheehan & Jones
Hanlon's Sons
Spaulding, W. P. (4) 3c.
Siegrist, Francois
Sickney, Robt.
Singer, Wm.
Shannon, J. W.
Straight, Ned
Sella Sisters Circus (2)
Shelly, John (side-show "biz")
Say, Mr.
Swain, Sam
Swan, Charlie
Stanley, Ernest (Snowlies)
Spriggs, Harry
Sully, Dan (Irish "biz")
Stiles, J. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Searles, C. J. (of Dup & Ben. Min.)
Shanfrow, Wm. (Dollar-store)
Starmond, Harry
Stella, (Geo. H. Texas Jack's Co.)
Shaw, Gus (comedian)
Sexton, M. C. (band-leader)
Sullivan & Curdy
Soggs, E. H.
Seeley, Thomas
Sprague, D. J.
Stanhope, Geo. W.
Sivalls, Chas.
Sutton, E. T.
Stanley, W. H. (tenor-vocalist)
Strickland, W. H. (agent)
Sherrick, Mark
Tobin, Prof. T. W.
Thalmer & Lee (gymnasts)
Tierney & Cronin (2)
Texas Jack
Thayer & Dielenbachs
Tyler, Wm. (musician)
Tuhll, W. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Treville, Walter
Traitel, Dave
Tucker, Albert
Twist, J. F.
Victorelli, Billy
Vandebilt, Frank
Vincent, C. F. (2)
Williams, W. H.
Washburn, E. S.
Wessels, Harvey E.
Webber, H. (of Our Boarding Ho. Co.)
Wood, J. H.
Ward, J. M.
Williams, W. H. M.
Walker, Thos. J.
Watson, Fred. (of Sells' Circus)
Watson, E. C.
Woodson, Harry (2)
Woodward, Nick
Wagner, Cal.
Webb, Albert
Wells, C. B.
Walker, Thos. (stage manager)
Worden, R. (of Worden & Mack)
Wood, Walter H. (of Georgia Minst.)
Williams, Harry P.
Wilson, Jas. B.
Weston, Harry
Waller, D. W.
Wilson, Ned A.
Washburn, Harry
Woods, G. W. ("bones")
Watson, Harry (Master of Ceremonies)
Wingfield & Gregory (2)
Woods, A. F.
Weston, S. (of Clayton & Weston)
Wildman, F. J.
Zeno, Mr.

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Zoe West, Mrs. Anna Pickauesser, Rose Eytinge, George Albrecht, Frank Crane, Mrs. Johanna Hubsch, Jess Thompson, and J. Wesley Stephens.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, Feb. 18, '78.

Commemorative of the birth of the Father of his Country, Friday of this week will be duly observed by those patriots who still have a faint recollection of the immortal Washington and his services to the nation. To be sure, the Silver Bill excitement in Congress overshadows to a certain degree all other duties and considerations; but there is yet left a forlorn hope, a small remnant of the descendants of those who "fit into the Revolution," who, whatever others may fail in, can never lose sight of the day that gave birth to one who, when politics did not so engage attention to the exclusion of everything else, was *"first* in the hearts of his countrymen." George was a lover of the drama, and a devoted follower of the circus! Many a time and oft have we sat on the same rough bench with George at an old-time tent show; we have seen him shake his fat sides with laughter when the scene with the comic mules was on and those who tried to keep their seats on the backs of the untamed steeds were hurled higher than Haman hung by the back-action movements of the spirited little mules. He was especially fond of a good joke, or a funny story when it was well told, and that is why he was so delighted with the comical sayings of Bobby Williams and Joe Pentland. He would never tire of their conversation, and we have known George and the two to sit for hours after the show, telling stories over our beer, and enjoying the off-hand remarks of Sam Lathrop and the classical quotations of W. F. Wallett, Shakespearian jester. Popular error has made George gloomy and taciturn, always fearful of some great disaster to the country, and worrying himself to death over the possibilities of another irrepressible conflict. This was all wrong, and utterly at variance with the real facts. He was just as fond of a hearty laugh as is our jovial fat friend Pete Reed, who is like a streak of sunshine wherever he appears. We once took George to see *the* Booth play "Richard III" at the Chatham Theatre; he afterwards avowed to us that he never knew what acting was until that night; and when, after the play, we introduced George to Junius B., and took them down to the Pewter Mug, in Frankfort street, it was a treat to listen to the conversation of those two representative men, each equally great in his own sphere, and each equally enthusiastic in lauding the stage and the army. Over our tobies of ale we sat there until the dawn of day warned us that it was time to seek our couches. We well remember the first time we escorted George to Niblo's Garden to witness "The Black Crook." You never saw a man more delighted; he laughed heartily over the mishaps of George Atkins, who was the original Greppo, and he became very angry at the persistent efforts made by Hertzog to secure a lost soul at the expense of Rodolphe the lover. Did he like the ballet? Yes, he did. But it was as an art exhibition solely that he admired it. Bonfanti was there at that time, and Betty and Emily Rigl, and a host of other sculpturesque figures, and his face was a study as those glorious exponents of the poetry of motion posed and re-posed in the beautiful tableaux which assisted in making the grand ensemble. "The Demon Dance," which was new at that time, and which introduced a style of undress uniform never before seen upon the stage, enlisted his most ardent attention. So deeply impressed was he with the exhibition he had witnessed that he sought our good offices to take him round to the Crosby-street entrance to the stage, so that he might offer his congratulations to the young ladies who shared in the glories of that great display. George Washington was a man, who, take him for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again. When Tony Pastor opened his vaudeville theatre on Broadway, George expressed a desire to be present. Loving him as we did for the dangers he had passed, and for the victories he had won, we at once acceded to his reasonable request, and secured two of the most eligible seats to be had in the house. Mr. Pastor kindly placed a private box at our disposal; but George, being democratic in his feelings, preferred to be among the boys, and enjoy their society. It is still fresh in our memory, although years have elapsed since then, that "Eileen Alanna" had just been introduced, and when Tony, in his comical way, sang the burlesque on it, "A Lean Banana," George roared; the effect upon the audience was electrical, contagious, we might say; and when, in response to an encore, Tony gave his version of "Coal Mine," George and the entire house joined in the chorus, the remembrance of which can never be effaced. Tony, and Frank Girard, and Claude De Haven, and several more convivial ones among us, made a night of it when the show was ended, and, over coffee-and-cakes at Buttercake Dick's, down Nassau street, the jolly company enjoyed themselves as never enjoyed themselves before. Ah! would that we had another Buttercake Dick at this time, and more buttercakes such as Richard used to serve up in the days of the old Park pit. George became a steady patron of the variety theatres after that. It was on a chill December night, years agone, that we took him to see Harrigan and Hart and their glorious "Sixty-ninth." That played right into his hand, as you will observe; and, at George's request, Martin W. Hanley, manager of the Theatre Comique, permitted George to go upon the stage, and, in full view of the audience, drill the miniature soldiers as they never had been drilled before! There wasn't a dry eye in the house! We could tell hundreds of truthful little incidents that occurred when we were boys together, some hundred years ago. One night—we remember it just as well as if it had only occurred yesterday—we took him to see the San Francisco Minstrels. It was the first time he had ever attended a minstrel exhibition, and he was so pleased that you could have knocked him down with a feather. He thought Billy Birch and Charley Backus were just as funny as any actor he had ever seen, if they *were* black—for, you must remember, he took them to be *real slaves*. When Dave Wambold sang that plaintive ballad "See That My Grave's Kept Green," the scalding tears flowed thick and fast a-down the furrowed cheek of the soldier tired of war's alarms! After the performance, we took George behind the scenes to see the boys; and when G. W. beheld the transformation scene which made white citizens of the whole party, he exclaimed: "Sold again!" and over the jokes and a basket hilarity ruled the hour at the Sturtevant, where the Frisco boys had given a cart-blanc to the brothers Leland to spread themselves in the matter of a spread in honor of the immortal Truth-teller. Many is the best-of-time that George was taught to eat frogs' legs, since become such an article of commerce between France and the United States. George Thatcher recited "Sheridan's Ride," and every heart thrilled as the narrator lessened the distance between Philip and his army. Thatcher is very clever in recitations of this kind. But we digress. Had we the space we could fill this entire page with recitals of George's adventures among the players; but there are other subjects that claim our attention, and with a brief allusion to a phase in George's early career which will, perhaps, bring him more fully into notice than any other event in his whole life, we will close. We refer to a story about a hatchet. We believe it has never been in print before—we'll advert to it at this juncture, when perjury is rampant in the land, so that our readers may apply their own moral: The father of George was a granger and a fruiterer; his orchards covered several thousand acres of rich land in Virginia, which has furnished the nation with so many Presidents. In the centre of a grove of Fall-pippin apple-trees stood a solitary cherry-tree, which the old man had tended with a father's care. On a bright morning in July he gave his son George a keen-edged hatchet, just fresh from the hatchet-store. "Take this little hatchet," he said to his son, "and cleave down yon sycamore and gigantic oak, but touch not ye fruitful cherry-tree which you will observe standing in the midst of that dense fringe of peachblows. Go thy way!" As if propelled by some invisible power, George straightway hied him to the forbidden fruit-tree, and in just five minutes, so sharp was his axe, he had that cherry-tree and its cherries leveled to the dust and weltering in their gore. Then he filled his hat with the luscious black-hearts and betook him to a nook in some vast wilderness to partake of the spoils of the old man's wrath. He was around; he saw the despoiler as his work, saw him chop down his favorite cherry-tree, and followed him to his nest in the mountain eyrie. George was taken by surprise. "My son," said the owner of the orchard, "who has cut down my cherry-tree?" This was said in a sad tone of voice, you will understand. "Father," replied the loyal son, "I cannot tell a lie! 'Twas I that cut down your cherry-tree!" The father folded his boy to his heart, blessed him for rising above party prejudice, as it were, and gave him a trade-dollar of 412½ grains. Thus "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." And so ends our tribute to the memory of one who is gone, but not forgotten.

.....We think our State capital ought to be brought down to New York City. We already have our House of Lords at the Hicks mansion in Fourteenth street; and last week there convened here a Congress, and for a short time nearly all of us became Congressmen. This Congress that we speak of was a Congress of "Beauty and Culture," held at Gilmore's Garden. Some of us carried on so shamefully that the police threatened to yank us out and no money returned. It was a queer sort of Congress; and yet, probably, it was no worse than that which assembles at Washington:

POETRY ABOUT IT

Where Moody and Sankey once gathered them in,
And held the fort each day and night,
Where lions and tigers made up such a din
That the stoutest of hearts they'd affright,
Last week there assembled a mixed sort of show,
Of beauty and culture combined,
And many hear's ache and many cheeks glow,
As sad for each charmer they pin-ed.
But weird was the vision of many young men
Whose remarks to the angels were uttered;
Disgusted, the latter at just hall past ten
Exclaimed: "Let us flu! !" and they fluttered.*
(* All rights reserved.—ED.)

.....Our audiences want rather too much for their money. At an up-town theatre, one night last week, the play was finished and the curtain was dropped, yet there sat the audience just as if it was nine o'clock in the evening. It was not until one of the actors came before the curtain and kindly informed the weary watchers that the play was finished that they left the house, and sorrowfully went forth into the night. We hate to allude to these things, but the o'erfraught heart must speak, or break!.....A well-informed reader wants to know what we think of a three-headed girl, and whether such a show would pay. We think it would pay well enough, provided the three heads don't eat too much! This should be looked to before starting out.....What's the matter with the Telephone? Has it gone to see what's become of Keely's Motor?.....

The management of the Park Theatre is deserving of our heartiest thanks. Commencing last Wednesday evening, and continuing right straight along the patrons of the house have been served with Chocolate and Oysters! Make no mistake!.....It won't do. Our dear Brother Schwab will have to try it again, for his "Sidonie" fails to fill either the bill or the house. Better adjourn "Sidonie" Si(do)ni die, without prejudice to another hearing of the evidence later on.....

"A Celebrated Case" is not founded on the case of the convicted President of the Security Life Insurance Company.....A person is said to have died in Canada recently whose years numbered one hundred and ten. Embalmed and stuffed, this subject might furnish Barnum with another Washington's nurse.....Count Joannes attracted far larger audiences at the Lyceum last week than Edwin Booth attracted at the house bearing his name. Which goes to prove the preference of the people.....Since Beecher boldly came out against Hell he has drawn very large audiences. This shows which way the wind blows.....

"Our Bachelors" will be here next week. Now just you mark what we say when we tell you that the women folks will turn out in crowds to see them!.....

"Whom the gods love die young." That's why, probably, Kirby died so early and often in the days of auld lang syne. He was beloved by the gods till his dying day, and pity for the uncircumcised dog that should utter one word against the fair name and fame of this lamented actor. The god used to be planted in the pit, where he had things pretty much his own way; but now he sits up aloft, for he has been promoted to the gallery, where he can be heard, rather than seen. Pardon us while we indite these few touching and tender lines to

THE GALLERY "GOD."

He may be twelve or under—what matters it his age?
His voice is one of thunder to the actors on the stage.
He hoots at impropriet'es, he hisses glaring flaws,
And crowns triumphant virtue with a whirlwind of applause.
Woe to the wretch who cannot act—the "god" will find him out,
And greet his every effort with a wild, derisive shout.
He's very strong on tragedy, he's fond of blood and death,
And proud is he if he can shine the gaiters of Macbeth.
He's posted, too, on pantomimes, on harlequins and sprites,
Knows all about the Pantaloon, and where he goes o' nights;
"But as for clowns," our devotee sat on his box and sighed,
"There's none of 'em as pleases me since poor "G. L." has died;
There's Boudicault in Irish parts—I'm nuffin but a kid—
But he don't suit me half as well as poor Dan Bryant did.
An' as for Mister Montague (hey, Johnny, want that pup?),
Why, Studley'd knock him all ter bits. All right, sir. Shine 'em up!"

.....If we had not seen it in a newspaper, and a Chicago newspaper at that, we should not have believed it; but the terrible rumor has actually been solidified into type that the Sweet Singer of Michigan is going to adopt the stage as a profession! It is natural that such an announcement as that should be rounded off with an exclamation point. Think of what poetry will lose if the Sweet Singer ceases to sing! That is what really troubles us—the loss to literature. It may be asserted that the drama will profit by the change, but this is not satisfactory. A prophet is proverbially without honor in his own country, and would anybody wish to see the Sweet Singer without honor? The occasion demands, we think, a poetic tribute, which we shall herewith proceed to pay in the style of the Sweet Singer herself:

MICHIGAN SWEETNESS.

I have been engaged in literary pursuits
Since I was of a very tender age;
But now, upon the advice of friends, I think it well
For me, henceforth and hereafter, to adopt the stage.
In doing this, my efforts shall always be
To amuse, and perhaps excite a smile;
But those who have known me may rest assured
That I shall continue, as heretofore, to put on no style.

.....And yet once again we hail the venerable Tom. [It would never do to say that we hail the old Tom, because that might be construed into a salutation to gin—which of course we do not salute, much less imbibe.] But the venerable Tom—the uncle of our earlier days, upon whom we never called for a loan—him do we welcome at Booth's to-night. The bills assure us that this is to be a "majestic, spectacular revival." It is worth while to keep that in mind. Without drawing any invidious comparison, we desire to see whether Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer are as majestic revivalists as Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Miss Gertrude Kellogg the actress made her debut as a public reader on Feb. 12, in the Music Hall, Boston. The authors from whom she made selections ranged from Shakespeare to Gail Hamilton. Her strongest impressions were made in T. B. Aldrich's "Face Against the Pane," in Kitty Maloney's discussion of "The Chinese Question," and in Trowbridge's "Old Simon Dole." Her Yankee accent was pronounced accurate, and her Irish dialect almost perfection.....He struck his wife with a pitcher. Such was the charge on the 13th inst., and Justice Kilbreth of this city held Horace Weston, the negro banjo-player, in $300 bail.....Miss Marie T. Courcelles is writing up "American Actresses" for *The Indianapolis Herald*. The papers are not biographical in character, but form a series of critiques.....Van C. Coonrod, as active member of the Shakespeare Dramatic Club of Cincinnati for the past five years, died in that city on the 9th inst., and the club postponed its announced performance from the 12th to the 19th.....Victor Hugo is rewriting several of the scenes of his dramatic version of "Les Miserables," and the piece is to be played in Paris in honor of the coming Exhibition.....Homer Morgan and several other wealthies have been unsuccessfully negotiating for the purchase of the Lyceum Theatre, this city, with the view of installing a stock company in it. It is announced that, unless he can sell it at his own figures before the year is out, its owner, Marshall O. Roberts, will dispose of it at public auction.....Miss Irene Tracy was made her debut as an amateur at the Germania Theatre, St. Louis, a short time ago, proposes to adopt the stage as a profession.....On the 13th inst. Deputy-sheriff McGonigal arrested John C. Reed, publisher of *The Musical Trade Review* of this city, on the suit of Joseph P. Hall, piano-forte manufacturer, who seeks to recover $100,000 damages for alleged libel. The defendant is the party having published that the plaintiff repaired old pianos and sold them as new, that he marked his pianos with devices strongly resembling other makers' trademarks, and that his manufactories were so insecure as to endanger the lives of his workmen. The defendant went away leaving $10,000 bail behind him.....The people of Clifton, O., on the 13th inst., were treated to a novelty in the form of "The Clever Marriage," a play translated from the Chinese language by the Rev. E. Wentworth. It was to have been presented as nearly as possible to the manner in which it had been performed on the Chinese stage, with all the original songs and other music, and a Chinese orchestra.....William Calder, who many years ago was a typefounder in Boston, and who since 1855 had in various ways been connected with the police-force of that city, died there suddenly on Feb. 13, of inflammatory rheumatism, at the age of sixty-seven years. As constable, policeman, detective and acting Assistant Superintendent of Pawnbrokers, his record was that of an honest and faithful official. A granddaughter of his is on the dramatic stage, his daughter having been the first wife of Charles Thorne, Jr.....And now Cincinnati amateurs have been "playing with edged tools." On the 12th inst., Miss Ida Packard, a member of the Clio Dramatic Club, who were then playing at Pike's Opera-house, fell dead from heart disease. A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that a 22-calibre bullet in it. It is now in the head of Miss Packard's corpse. Another

OUR SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., LETTER, dated Feb. 10, is as under: "Sig. Majeroni commenced an engagement at the California Theatre Feb. 4 in 'The Old Corporal,' a translation from the Italian. The play treats of the fidelity of Corporal Simon for his General, Roxtuebert, who is killed at the battle of Jena, leaving to the care of Simon his young daughter Genevieve, whose mother is unmarried. The General confides to the honor of Simon the name of the child's mother, Mina De Ramtzberg, which name he must pronounce to Germond, a notary, as proof of the child's identity, in order to place the child in possession of his name and wealth; in the meantime, and until the fortunes of war are ended, the child to be known as Simon's daughter. The second act shows the village of St. Laurent eleven years after. The General's daughter Genevieve and Simon's son Lucien, believing themselves to be brother and sister, enter the village church to pray for the soul of Simon, supposed to have been dead eleven years. An old man, dusty and torn, enters the village. It is Simon, who was taken prisoner during the war and imprisoned in the Russian mines. He reveals himself to Pierre Frochard, deputy mayor of the village, and counts and possessor of the estate of Gen. Roxuebert Frochard, who loves Genevieve. Frochard, discovering that he is not the rightful heir, and that the secret remains only with Simon, seeks to do away with him. He places a bag of money in Simon's knapsack and destroys his passport, containing therein. The money was known by everyone to have been stolen. Frochard calls the villagers together, asks Simon for his passport, who joyfully proceeds to search for it, when he discovers the money and is accused of the theft. The old soldier is instantly struck dumb through horror at being considered a robber. His children refuse even to recognise him, and he falls senseless to the ground. Frochard, seeing that Simon cannot now harm him, professes to pardon the thief. The third act takes place in the cottage of Simon's children. Frochard, to whom they are greatly in debt, asks Lucien for the hand of Genevieve, to thus cancel all debts that Lucien owes him. Lucien, who loves Genevieve with more than a brotherly affection, spurns the offer. Frochard warns Lucien of his unlawful love, and threatens to sell the house over his head. Simon enters, and by dumb action proves his identity, and that Genevieve is not his daughter, but is unable to reveal to her the name of her parents. Germond the notary then enters; but Simon cannot speak the words that will establish Genevieve as the heiress of the Roxuebert estate—words which he pledges his honor to utter—nor can he write them, being unable to read or write. Lucien, a comrade of Simon's, heard the whispered name at Jena, and is about to speak it, when Frochard threatens to arrest Picard's son, who stole the before-mentioned bag of money. Picard hesitates between honor and duty, but at last proclaims himself the thief, so as to shield his son. Simon kills himself without revealing the words which Simon desired him to speak. The fourth and fifth acts take place in and about the chateau of Mina De Ramtzberg. Simon brings about a recognition between Genevieve and his daughter. Mina fears to bring disgrace upon herself by pronouncing the name of Genevieve's father, so she begs Genevieve to marry Frochard, and in that manner keep the great Roxuebert estate in the family. Genevieve at last consents, and the Louis to be married. Lucien, seeing that Genevieve is lost to him, attempts to shoot himself, when Simon knocks the pistol from his hand. The terror and grief of the moment so intensely amazes Simon that by some miracle it breaks the chords in his throat, and he recovers his power of speech. He states the secret that establish Genevieve's sole right to the estate, and which send Frochard back to his old trade of stone-breaker. Genevieve gives herself to Lucien, and the curtain descends. Sig. Majeroni's impersonation of the Old Corporal was the most symmetrical and picturesque works of dramatic art that we remember to have seen. The conception of the character was almost perfect, and the manner in which the actor's estimate of it was conveyed to the audience equally meritorious. Although the English tongue is not familiar to him, his pronunciation is remarkably correct, his utterance is distinct, forcible, and full. He was recalled at the end of each act. The play was fairly acted throughout. C. B. Bishop as Frochard, J. N. Long as Lucien, and Miss Ellis as Mina De Ramtzberg being especially good. 'Jealousy, or Mistaken Education,' a society play, written expressly for Majeroni and wife, was produced 7. Majeroni's acting as Marquis St. Elia was unusually applaudable. Signor Majeroni's acting as the Marchioness St. Elia manifested intelligence and sensibility. The acting of Henry Edwards and W. A. Mestayer was fully up to the high standard of merit to which their reputation entitles them. 'A Living Statue' and 'Faith and Friendship' next week. Majeroni will be in New York early in March. 'The Deluge, or Paradise Lost,' 18, with Kiralfy Ballet Troupe.....At Baldwin's Theatre, Fred Lyster's Opera-bouffe Troupe, an organization of local talent, have appeared in 'La Fille de Mme. Angot' to fair houses through the week. Catherine Lewis, the prima donna, as Clairette, warbled and trilled out the music to much applause. Hattie Moore as Mlle. Lange, Harry Gates as Lange Pitou, and Hayden Tills as Pomponnet rendered good burlesque. Not much can be said of the rest of the people. 'Giroflé-Girofla' 11.....The new season at the Grand Opera-house was inaugurated 9 by the production of a reconstructed version of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' which was presented with a completeness of detail commendable in every respect. The scenic effects by Witham and Strauss were beautiful and realistic pictures. The following principal members of the new company assumed their respective parts with different degrees of skill: A. D. Billings, Uncle Tom; J. R. Grismer, Geo. Harris; W. A. Whitecar, St. Clair; J. O. Barrows, Phineas Fletcher; Harry Courtaine, Simon Legree; Chas. Allen, Gallery; L. Belmore, George Shelby; Hattie Kilby, Topsy; Emily Mestayer, Aunt Ophelia; Elsie Moore, Marie; Zoe Tuttle, Eva. Nellie Holbrook was cast for Eliza, but illness prevented her appearance. M. B. Curtis took the part of Marks the lawyer, and his efforts were greatly applauded. The minstrels of Geo. Reynolds, C. W. Cogill, and G. C. Thompson were specially engaged. Miss Rose Moss, authoress and amateur actress, takes a complimentary benefit 10, appearing in her own dramatization of 'Broken Hearts,' 'Sardanapalus' and a prologue. The Evangeline Combination are to follow. The performances of Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels at the Bush-street Theatre have invited considerable notice and discussion, and in consequence those things of beauty promise to be a joy for some time to come, for the nightly attendance continues very large. Aside from the generous display of shapely forms and legs, the performances are remarkable for the utter absence of vulgarity. The ladies possess a talent for singing and dancing, and the songs are good comedians and minstrels. The burlesque 'Jacquin the Valiant' concludes the bill, in which Mabel Santley, Louise Montague, Gussie Crayton and Wm. Lester take the chief parts. 'Ixion' 11. .....W. A. Chapman, ventriloquist, will receive a complimentary benefit at Pacific Hall 14.....Prof. T. Evans, musician and composer, is seriously ill in this city.....The Kiralfy Troupe played 'The Black Crook' in Oakland and San Jose during the week to good houses.....Adah Richmond's burlesque Company are performing in Sacramento to paying business.....Smith's Opera-house, at Santa Cruz, will commence a season 11 with 'Rip Van Winkle.' The company includes J. A. Hearne, J. H. Leroy, P. E. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Le Clair, Miss J. W. Wilks, Kate Cochran, Jennie Reiffarth, Ada Deaves and Mack and Murphy.....Wood's Opera-house at Los Angeles opens 16 with a variety company. .....Fanny L. Buckingham returned from Oregon 8. She will appear as Maseppa in Piper's Opera-house, Virginia City, Nev., 18, and at Crawford and Miss Rena go to Portland, Oregon, 12."

AT SHELBY'S ADELPHI, Buffalo, N. Y., the new faces Feb. 11 were Sam Martin, Dan Mason, Algebrams Trio, the Springers, Tom Lee, Geo. Worden and Mack, and Fletcher and Nell. The principal feature of the week was Dan Shelby's benefit 22, which eclipsed everything else both in the way of attendance and attractions, no fewer than twenty-four volunteers appearing. Manager Shelby appeared early in the evening in a short sketch, but later, when he came out in response to calls for a few remarks, the scenery was opened behind him, disclosing the company and a silver service of thirteen pieces, costing, it is said, $325, the gift of the company and prominent men of Buffalo generally, which was presented by Mr. Barnum. Departures 16: Lillian Forrest, to Toledo, O.; Dan Mason and Eloise Allen, New York; Wm. Henry Rice, Philadelphia; the Springers, Boston; Worden and Mack, Chicago. Arrivals 18: Eugenie Lavelle, Moore Sisters, Tim Rogers, Arthur Doty, the De Forrests, the Sheerans, C. R. Dockstader, and Turner and Geyer. Letter of Feb. 16.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., "Uncle Tom's Cabin," acted by the stock company, was withdrawn Feb. 13. Miss Rachel Noah, one of the stock company benefited 13, when she was assisted by her mother, Mrs. W. G. Noah, the plays being "Rosedale" and scenes from "The School for Scandal." As Rosa Leigh in the former Miss Noah appeared to advantage, and merited the applause which was so generously bestowed. As Lady Teazle Mrs. W. G. Noah fully sustained her reputation as an actress of genius and ability. She was ably supported by Ben G. Rogers as Sir Peter Teazle, and Miss Nellie Wright as Maria. The Evangeline Troupe opened a three nights' engagement 14 to a large audience, which was the rule during their stay. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is announced 18, 19, 20. Geo. S. Knight and Sophie Worrell in "Otto" open 21.

GEO. C. BONIFACE and a company gave their first representations of "The Soldier's Trust" in the Academy of Music, Reading, Pa., Feb. 12, 13. The drama was mounted in good style, and was devoid of the hitches and prompts usually attending first nights. Geo. C. Boniface as Corporal Antoine Rolland finished piece of acting, and his make-up was faultless. He was complimented with several recalls. The company consists of C. L. Graves, stage-manager; J. P. Rutledge, E. Tannehill, I. Harrison, Thos. Chapman, Robt. Franklin, H. Holliday, C. P. Franks, Misses Marian Sackett, Julie Sovereny, Eva West, Bertie Harrison and Little Eda. They played at Allentown 14, Scranton 15, 16. To open at Syracuse, N. Y., 18.....John E. Owens appeared in "Dot" 16, to fair business. The company proceeded to New York, where they rest for nine weeks, Lenox Lyceum excepted.....Manager Mishler and the Swedish Quartet have returned after a tour. They rest for several weeks, when they start on an extended tour of the Southern country, thence to California and Australia. Letter of Feb. 17.

RICE'S "EVANGELINE" COMBINATION Feb. 11, 12, 13, inclusive of matinee, and Barlow, Wilson, Primrose & West's Minstrels 15, 16, also matinee, were the attractions at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., last week. The theatre remained closed 14, and will also be closed 18, to allow preparations to be made for producing "The Danites" 19 and the remainder of the week by the McKee Rankin Combination. Lucien Barnes' "Twelve Temptations" is billed for 25.

BOTH OPERA-HOUSES in Detroit, Mich., were unoccupied during the past week, except two local engagements at the Detroit Opera-house, where Nick Roberts' Pantomime Troupe is billed for 21, 22, 23.....At the Grand Opera-house the Florences are booked for the same dates.

A SENSATION was caused in Chicago, Ill., Feb. 12, by the arrest of John F. Ryan, dramatic agent, for selling copies of copyrighted plays. McKee Rankin, Bartley Campbell and John Blaisdell are the prosecutors, and they succeeded in having Ryan bound over in the sum of $800 for trial at the Criminal Court. Ryan gave bail for his future appearance.

F. L. YERANCE'S COMPANY is to play in Elizabeth, N. J., Feb. 22.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., up to Feb. 17 are thus written about by our correspondent: "John McCullough commenced an engagement at the Boston Theatre Feb. 11, appearing for the first time in this city as Caius Marcius in Shakespeare's 'Coriolanus.' This tragedy has not been performed in Boston since Feb. 9, 1864, when it was made the feature of Mr. Forrest's engagement at the same house, under the management of Wyseman Marshall, Mr. McCullough then appearing as Cominius. It is now presented with the following cast:

Caius Marcius Coriolanus	John McCullough
Cominius	Ed. J. Buckley
Menenius Agrippa	C. Allen
Appius	H. E. Chase
Fabrius	Geo. Parkes
Decius	C. Rolfe
Aruns	E. Young
PLEBEIANS.	
Sicinius Velutus	M. M. Price
Junius Brutus	R. J. Dillon
First Citizen	D. J. Maguinnis
VOLSCIANS.	
Tullus Aufidius	L. James
Volsscius	J. H. Howland
Servius	Gene Wiley

Mr. McCullough is well fitted naturally for the portrayal of the honest patrician soldier, and his performance was marked by dignity, grace, clear conception and a thorough indentification with the assumed character. The support rendered by the company was adequate, though but few of the remaining characters are of striking importance. Mr. James as Tullus Aufidius looked the warrior, and in his few scenes was forcible and dignified. Mr. Buckley as Dominius was manly and earnest, and delivered his passages with clear understanding. Mr. Allen made Menenius Agrippa prominent by his bluntness, sarcasm and devotion to his friend Caius Marcius. Mr. Price and Mr. Dillon were effective as the Tribunes, and Mr. Maguinnis and his associates as the Citizens caught the humor of their parts and relieved the more sombre scenes by the wit supplied by the immortal bard. Mrs. Barry as the grand old Roman matron, though debarred by physique from looking the mother completely, gave her important scenes with power and strength. Mrs. Hunter looked sweetly, and played Virgilia with excellent effect. Miss Downing was vigorous, if not polished, as Valeria, and the lesser parts were in capable hands. The tragedy has never before been mounted so sumptuously. Mr. Getz showing some classical pictures in his scenes of a street in Rome, the Capitol, Camp of the Volscians, and distant view of Rome. The scene of the grand ovation to the victorious general was complete in all particulars, the stage being filled with the soldiery and populace, while Caius Marcius is borne on a chariot drawn by two horses. The tragedy terminates with a cremation similar to that made use of in 'Julius Cæsar,' with the difference, that the Phœnix is seen to ascend from the ashes of the dead hero. The auxiliaries—two hundred in number—were well drilled and costumed, and knew and performed their duties. The initial performances were attended by large audiences, the latter portion of the week 'Standing-room Only' being displayed, and the revival can be chronicled as a histrionic and spectacular success. It will be continued the present week, save on the evening of 23, when Mr. McCullough appears as in 'Richard III.' It is possible that present star will appear before the close of his engagement as Pierre in 'Venice Preserved,' the Jaffier being the successful debutant W. E. Nowlan Jr. Edwin Booth appears March 11, to be followed by McKee Rankin, Kitty Blanchard and Louis Aldrich in 'The Danites.'.....'The Octoroon' at the Globe Theatre during the past week has attracted a good attendance. The change made in the cast was for the better, Lillie Eldridge making her rentree in Boston, where she first appeared, with Pitt Rogers and Jenny Marsh, during the early H. 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Rice's Combination is to appear for two weeks, beginning 25, presenting 'Evangeline' and 'The Corsair.' Among the company will be Sol Smith Russell, who plays Le Blanc for the first time, Venie G. Clancy, Lizzie Webster, Geo. S. Knight, Harry Josephs, E. S. Tarr, Harry Hunter and Richard Golden. The company goes here to Brooklyn, N. Y., one week, Grand Opera-house, New York, two weeks, and thence to San Francisco, opening at the Grand Opera-house in April. The Alice Oates Troupe and Aimee and her bouffe company are among the future attractions.....'A Celebrated Case' has continued to draw good audiences at the Boston Museum during the past week, where it will be continued until 22, when 'Papa Perrichon' and 'My Uncle's Will' will be given. Madame Modjeska commences a two weeks' engagement 23.....Extra performances are to be given at all our places of amusement 22. 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LOTTA attracted large audiences at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the second week of her engagement, appearing a couple of evenings in "Zip, or Point Lynde Light," and the rest of the week—with the exception of the evening of Feb. 16—in "The Little Detective." The last-mentioned date was the occasion of the annual benefit of George W. Howard, when "That Wife of Mine," "Who Stole the Pocket-book?" and "Jeannette" constituted the programme, with the result of a large attendance. Lotta, during her third and last week, commencing Feb. 18, will appear in "Musette." "The Exiles" will be produced here Feb. 25.

AT THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM "A Tale of Two Cities" was produced Feb. 11, and afforded Edward Arnott and Miss Rose Lisle—who then commenced an engagement—an opportunity of displaying some effective acting in their respective roles of Sidney Carton and Therese Defarge. The remainder of the cast was unusually good, Wm. Davidge Jr. as Dr. Manette and Miss Maggie Harold as Lucie Manette eliciting marked approbation, and receiving a unanimous call before the curtain at the close of the first act. "A Tale of Two Cities" was repeated during the week, attracting fair audiences. The Frank I. Frayne Combination reappear Feb. 18 in their drama "Si Slocum."

COLVILLE'S FOLLY COMPANY appeared in the extravaganza "Babes in the Wood, or Who Killed Cock Robin?" at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Feb. 16, drawing large audiences. Mlle. Eme Roseau, Willie Edouin, Miss Marian Elmore, William Gill, and Miss Marie Williams gave ample proof of their powers, vocal and amusing, and the entire performance was marked by an air of rollicking enjoyment which reflects great credit on the acting powers of the company. Oliver Doud Byron commences Feb. 18 in "Rebel to the Core." The N. Y. Park Theatre Company appear here Feb. 25 in "Champagne and Oysters."

THE ARCH-STREET OPERA-HOUSE, Philadelphia, will be reopened Feb. 18, under the management of Chas. F. Jones, for the revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the cast including Mlle. Marie Zoe as Topsy, the Jubilee Singers also appearing.

JOHN E. MCDONOUGH has recovered from the effects of his recent accidental shooting, and has made his reappearance on the streets of Philadelphia.

ALMOST EVERY PLACE of amusement in Philadelphia announces an extra matinee on Washington's Birthday.

MANAGERS desiring to secure the New York Park Theatre Company for the production of "Baby" and "Champagne and Oysters" are referred to Thos. B. MacDonough's advertisement.

THE ACTORS' ORDER OF FRIENDSHIP have moved into their new rooms at the southeast corner of Union square, formerly occupied in "Julius Cæsar," with the difference, that the Phœnix is seen to ascend from the ashes of the dead hero. The auxiliaries—two hundred in number—were well drilled and costumed, and knew and performed their duties. The initial performances were attended by large audiences, the latter portion of the week 'Standing-room Only' being displayed, and the revival can be chronicled as a histrionic and spectacular success. It will be continued the present week, save on the evening of 23, when Mr. McCullough appears as in 'Richard III.' It is possible that present star will appear before the close of his engagement as Pierre in 'Venice Preserved,' the Jaffier being the successful debutant W. E. 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MUSICAL.

MUSICAL EVENTS IN BOSTON, MASS.—The fourth subscription concert at Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge, was given Feb. 12. Theodore Thomas' orchestra and Madame Madeline Schiller were the features.....The seventh Howard symphony concert was given in Music Hall afternoon 14, Carl Zerrahn leader, and John A. Preston pianist. .....Theodore Thomas' orchestra gave their sixth and last symphony concert at Music Hall 13, W. H. Sherwood pianist.....Mrs. Charles Lewis' annual concert transpires at Boston College Hall 18.....Mrs. Anna Granger Dow receives a testimonial at Music Hall 26, the artists engaged being the Temple Quartet, Herman Chelius, M. W. Whitney, and Charles R. Hayden.....Miss Laura Schirmer gives a concert at Union Hall 26, assisted by Miss Matilda Phillippe.....J. M. Tracy's second piano recital occurs at Miller's Rooms afternoon 23. His pupils Henry Daggett and Miss Lizzie Morse will assist. .....The Leiderkranz Society render the comic opera "Fidelia" at Turn Hall March 13.....The Handel and Haydn Society give a performance of "St. Paul" in Music Hall March 6, the vocalists being Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Anna Draedil, William J. Winch and William F. Carleton.....The Original Swedish Lady Vocal Quartet—Hilda Widerberg and Amy Aberg, first and second soprance; Marie Pettersson and Wilhelmina Soderland, first and second altos; Charles N. Allen, solo violinist; E. H. Allen, pianist and accompanist, under the management of James H. Roberts and company, with Dr. C. H. Newhall advance-agent—leave on an extended Western tour. They appear at Irving Hall 18, Little Falls 19, Amsterdam 20, Elmira 22, Hornellsville 23.....Mr. A. P. Peck's annual benefit concert will take place at Music Hall April 22. The engagements thus far made are Theodore Thomas and orchestra, Madeline Schiller, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Miss Annie Louise Cary and Signor Tagliapietra.....Sunday Concerts—Brown's Brigade Band, assisted by Miss Alice Barnicoat, reader; Miss Bianche Reeves, soprano; Frank Kaula, Daniel Kuntz and Fred. J. Eustis, instrumentalists, give their seventeenth concert at Beethoven Hall 17.....The Turn Hall orchestra, under the direction of Carl Eichler, assisted by Messrs. Wulf Fries, Beitzel, Behr and Jennewein, give a concert at Turn Hall 17.....The American Band—W. C. Thompson, leader; Miss Sadie Marinot and Hyde and Thompson, guitar soloists—appear in concert at the Boylston Museum 17.

A VIOLIN-PLAYER advertises for an engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia.

BRIGNOLI'S ITALIAN-OPERA TROUPE, comprising Signors Brignoli, Susini, Tagliapietra, Mlle. Gallimberti, and Madame Carreno, sang "Don Pasquale" in Mozart Hall, Richmond, Va., Feb. 11, and matinee 12.

THE HESS OPERA TROUPE are announced for Detroit, Mich., Feb. 25, 26, 27.....The Kellogg-Cary-Rose Opera Troupe are to appear March 11, 12, 13.....Camilla Urso Company in concert Feb. 17.

MANAGERS desi

RATES.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch. Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of ANNOUNCEMENTS, 25 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Outs and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all forms should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 12 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC

For 1878,

IS NOW READY

AND CAN BE HAD OF ALL NEWSDEALERS AND AGENTS.

PRICE 15 CENTS.

THE ALMANAC FOR 1878 CONTAINS:

THE CLIPPER TIME-TABLE,
corrected to date. It gives the fastest recorded time in Horse-racing, Trotting, Pacing, Hurdle-racing, Steeple-chasing, Rowing, Running, Walking, Snow-shoe Racing, Ice-boating, Swimming, Skating, Bicycle-riding, and by Fire-engines and Hose Companies, Ocean and River Steamers and Locomotives; Records of Jumping, Lifting, the Prize-ring, Ratting, Ball-throwing, Cricket, Billiards, Rifle-shooting, Skittles, Glazing, Trap-shooting, Type-setting, Bricklaying, etc.

Chronology of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1877.

Sporting Chronology for 1877.

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A Review of the Baseball Season, with the Names of the Players and a Record of Model Games; Also a Record of the Highest Cricket Scores.

Performances of Amateur American and English Champion Athletes.

English Amateur Champion Boxers, Wrestlers, and Bicyclists.

Winners of Amateur Intercollegiate Athletic Sports.

Chess.
A MASTERLY PROBLEM BY HERR F. L. MEYER, AND A BRILLIANT GAME BETWEEN JAMES MASON AND D. B. DELMAR.

Rates of Postage,
WITH OTHER VALUABLE INFORMATION TO THOSE USING THE MAILS.

Statistics of Population.

Astronomical,
CALCULATIONS OF ECLIPSES, THE SEASONS MOVABLE FESTIVALS, ETC.

Calendars.

Illustrations.
FRONTISPIECE.
THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.
THE CIRCUS BOY.
OCTOBER.
THE OLD HOUSE ON THE SHORE.
CAPS FOR FOOLS AND A GAG FOR SCOLDS.
A SPORTING SCENE.
SHAKESPEARIAN MEDAL.
THE HEADSMAN'S TOOLS.
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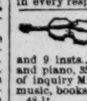

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